

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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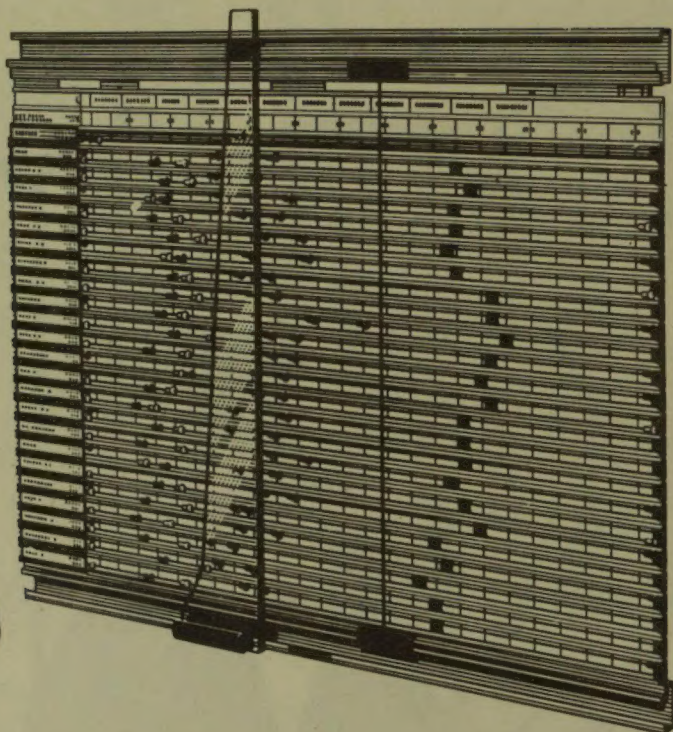
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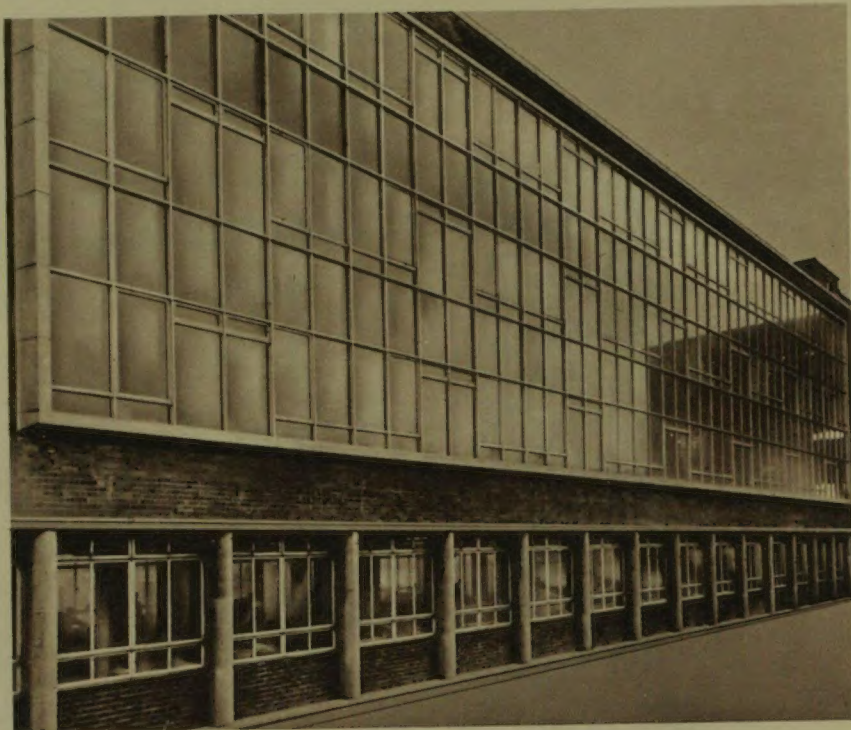
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TBW 295

# This wall went up in 5 days!



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How Wallspace goes up so quickly. Wallspace is the logical way of constructing outside walls for modern multi-story buildings.

Wallspace is a grid of aluminium alloy, formed of box-section vertical and horizontal members, which is readily bolted on the structure of the building. Into it are fixed windows and doors and the rest of the grid is quickly filled with any of a wide variety of durable, weatherproof panelling. You may, if you wish, get business going floor by floor as Wallspace goes up!

The panelling used can be any of a score of different materials in numerous textures and colours—glass, stone, metal, wood and many other substances. Wallspace gives you more floor space. The weight of a modern building is carried by the structural frame, not the outer walls, which are merely protective and decorative and carry the windows. So the Wallspace grid need be no more than 5 inches thick with panels half that thickness. This means *extra* rentable space all round every floor: hundreds more square feet in any sizeable building!

And more warmth! The slender panels in the Wallspace grid can be constructed to provide up to 50 per cent better heat-retention than cavity brick walls. And maintenance is negligible. There's no pointing or painting. The walls can be washed down occasionally . . . by the window cleaners.

The elevation illustrated is 115 ft. 7 in. long and 27 ft. 9 in. high. The Wallspace grid carries aluminium framed opening casements and fixed glazing. The opaque panels are green Vitroslab.

Extensions to this building had to go upward owing to site limitations. Three floors have been added to the original single-story office and these have Wallspace walls.

*This Wallspace framework was fixed in FIVE DAYS by a routine-strength Williams & Williams fixing team and without working overtime!*

It will be well worth your while to discuss with your Architect the use of Wallspace in any new building you are planning—offices, factory, shop, stores, warehouse, school . . .

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## Always on the go...

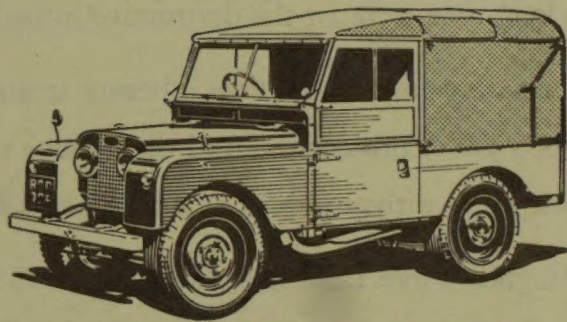
No vehicle makes such light work of heavy duty on the farm as the Land-Rover . . . . and no vehicle tackles such a wide variety of jobs so cheerfully in the less green fields of Industry. Versatility, endurance, *toughness*—these are what the name 'Land-Rover' stands for all over the world. That thrustful 4-wheel drive gets through . . . . anywhere . . . . any time. And not only can the Land-Rover get to the scene of operations over surfaces that would defeat other vehicles, but it can also take power to the job, thanks to its two alternative power take-off points.

The powerful 52 BHP engine now incorporates a number of new long-life features that will still further enhance the Land-Rover's reputation for achieving the almost impossible in next to no time.

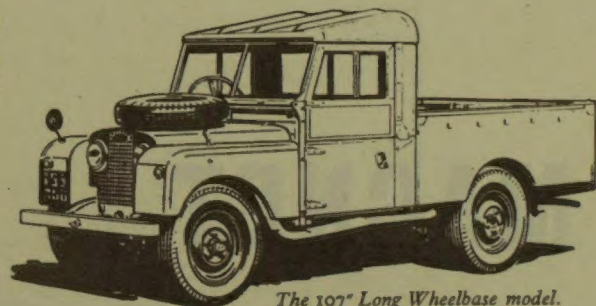
- FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE
- 8 SPEEDS FORWARD AND 2 REVERSE
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The 107" Long Wheelbase model. Same high performance; still greater loading space.



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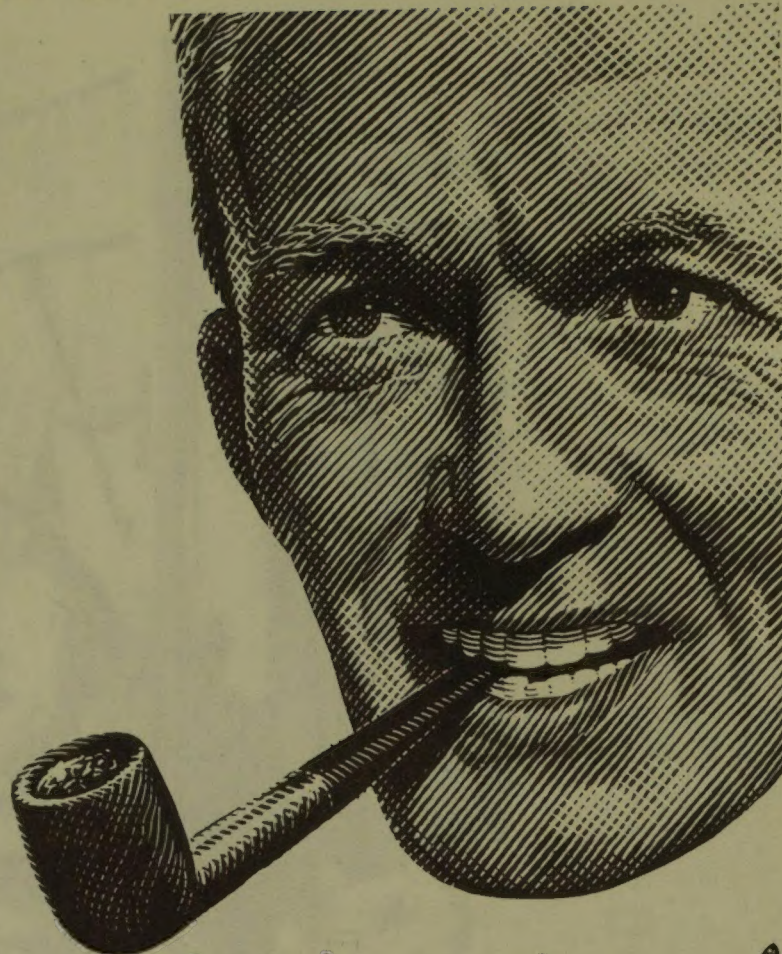
The next time you see a Queen Anne or Georgian house looking as fresh as paint and as sound as a bell, ask yourself why. Two hundred . . . two hundred and fifty years is a long time to resist the destructive inroads of the weather.

Outside paint is more than a beauty treatment; it has a job to do, a job of protection. And the passage of the years proves one thing without doubt — **White Lead Paint Lasts.**

Magnet White Lead Base HARD GLOSS Paint is the up-to-date version of this trusty friend. It's available in more than 30 colours—all intermixable. Decorators recommend, wise people specify . . .

## MAGNET

for the OUTSIDE



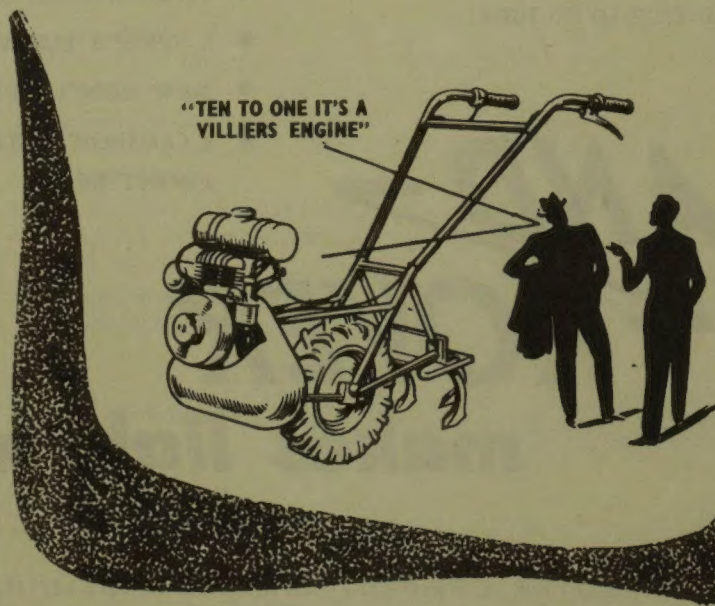
*Go for the engine  
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Choosing any powered machine or vehicle needs careful thought . . . take a tip from those who know and choose the one with the Villiers Engine. It will give you years and years of trouble-free service . . . that's why leading manufacturers prefer a Villiers power unit, it puts the seal of perfection on a fine product.

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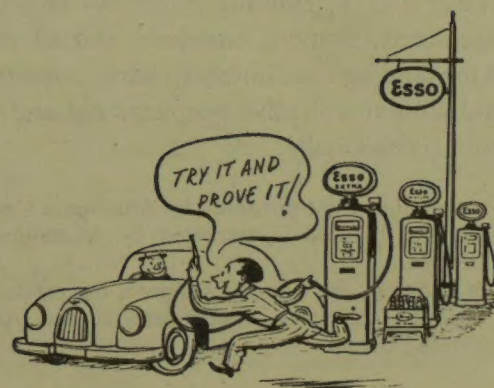
*The power and the heart of a fine machine*

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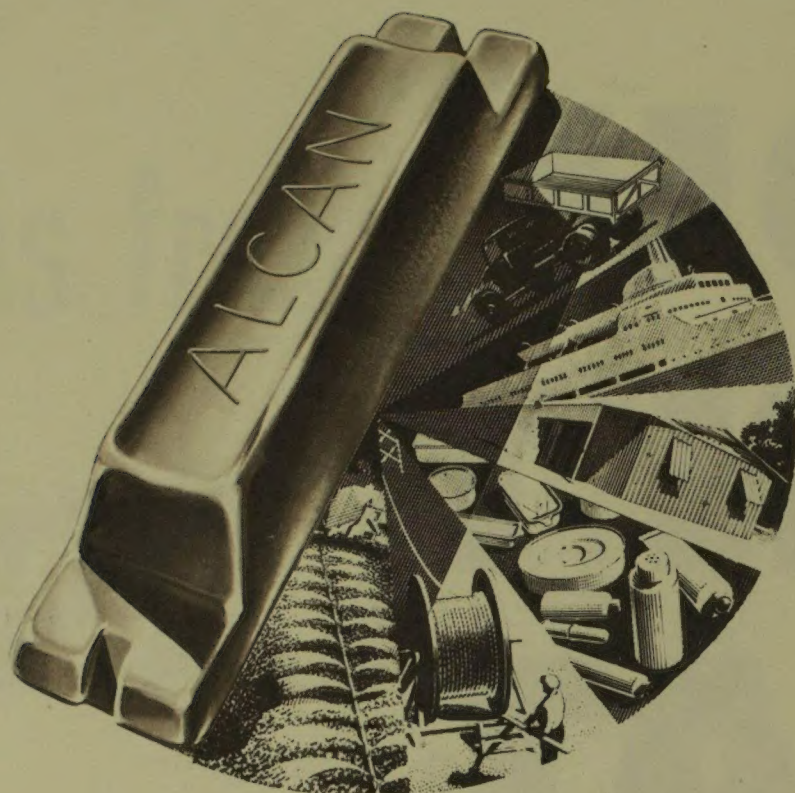


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## VIRGIN INGOT

### basis of every Aluminium product

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The giant new smelter of Aluminum Company of Canada Ltd. (an Aluminium Limited Company) is already contributing nearly 100,000 extra tons of virgin ingot a year for world markets. Production capacity is now to be expanded by a further 60,000 tons a year. With power resources and smelting plant fully developed, Kitimat will be capable of producing over 550,000 tons of aluminium a year.

### How, then, will this aluminium be used?

In the transport field, the light weight and rugged strength of aluminium and its alloys will continue to set new standards of economy and performance. At sea, durable aluminium alloys will lighten ships' superstructures and increase stability, while greatly reducing costly maintenance. In the electrical industries, aluminium will play an increasingly important part in reducing the cost of generating and distributing power for factory and home. For architects, farmers, engineers and all who call upon metal to stand up indefinitely to harsh conditions and hard use, aluminium will solve problems old and new—lightly, brightly, *economically*.

Aluminium ingot produced by Aluminum Company of Canada, Limited is marketed by Aluminium Union Limited.

In addition, the Company exports the products of the various fabricating companies of the Aluminium Limited Group.

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The massive steel shaft of an ENGLISH ELECTRIC water-driven turbo-alternator is hauled to the entrance of a cathedral-sized cavern carved out of a mountain in British Columbia. There, to produce power for aluminium smelting, men have turned a river back on its course, flooded valleys half the size of Wales, bored a tunnel ten miles through a mountain. At the heart of this tremendous project, ENGLISH ELECTRIC generating plant helps to produce the enormous electrical power needed.



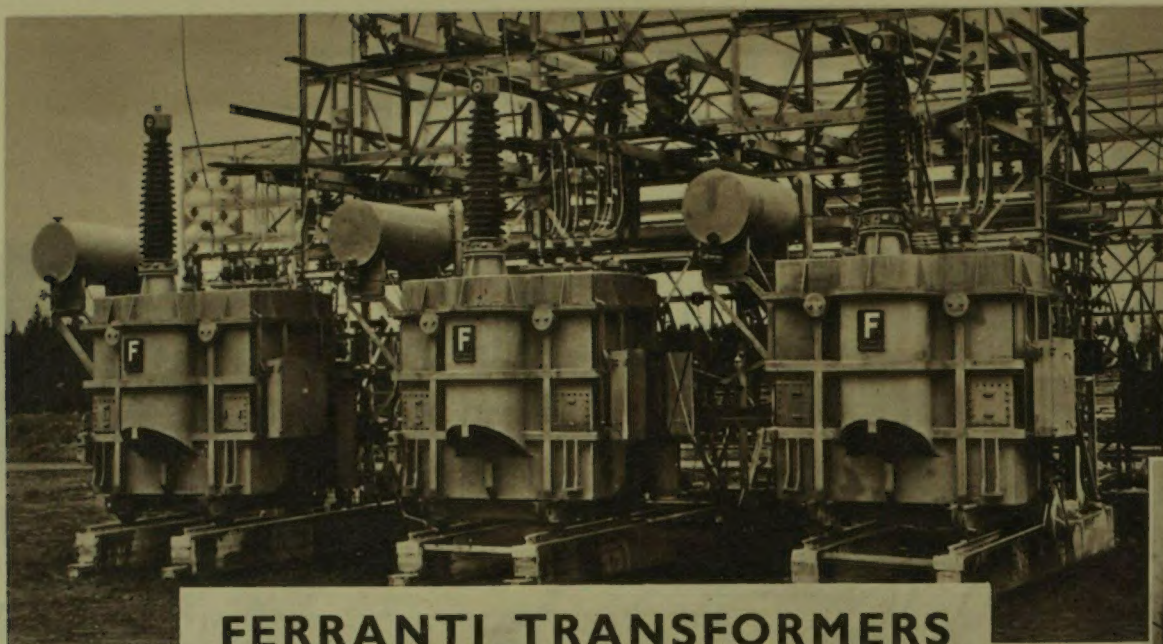
## bringing you

Vast quantities of electricity are essential for making aluminium. Already this light, strong metal has a thousand uses, and no end in sight . . . from wrapping foil to railway cars, from pots and pans to aircraft, power cables, bridge girders. In Great Britain as well as in Canada and other aluminium-producing countries throughout the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC has provided generating plant, rectifiers, transformers and switchgear to make possible the production of this wonderful metal.



## better living





Left: A 111,000 kVA, 275 kV, 3-phase Bank of Ferranti Transformers with forced oil circulation and water cooling installed at Kitimat, British Columbia, Canada, for the ALCAN Project of the Aluminum Company of Canada Ltd.

Below: One of the 71,000 kVA generator transformers being moved into its cell in the Power Plant at Kemano, British Columbia, Canada.

## FERRANTI TRANSFORMERS for the **ALCAN PROJECT** BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

Four 71,000 kVA, 301,400 volt single-phase Ferranti generator transformers and three 37,000 kVA, 275,000 volt step-down Ferranti transformers have been supplied to the Aluminum Company of Canada, Limited for the Alcan Project at Kemano and Kitimat, British Columbia. All the transformers are now erected on site. A further order for three 37,000 kVA step-down transformers has been received.



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part of your holiday**

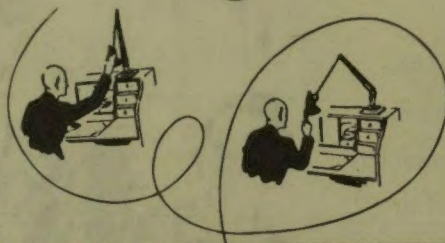
... enjoy the tang of the sea and then that first thrill, reborn with every trip—as you walk down the gangway into France—the catch of the breath as you enter a new world. The gendarmes on the quay, peak-capped and cloaked—porters, blue-bloused and volubly French—even the engines seem to whistle in a foreign language. Then on to the train... Paris, Basle and beyond. All combine to welcome you to something new—something exciting—the perfect start to your Continental holiday!

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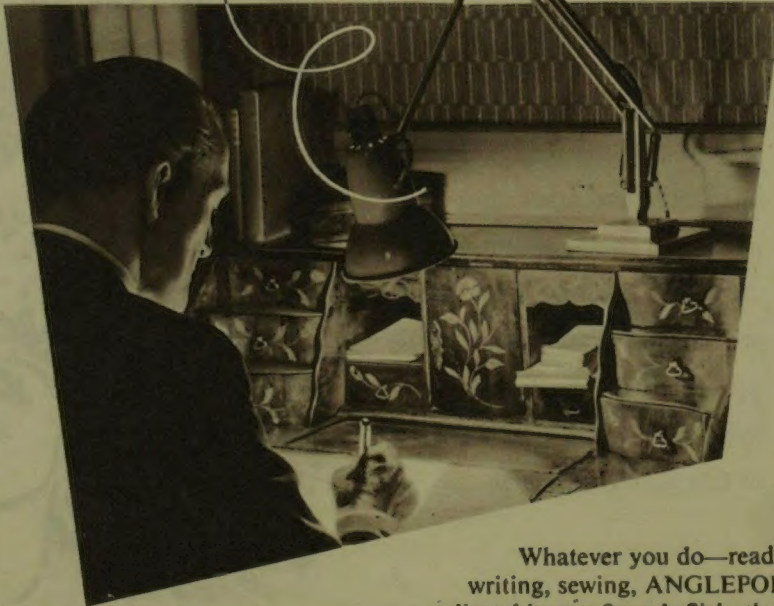
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*Light... right where  
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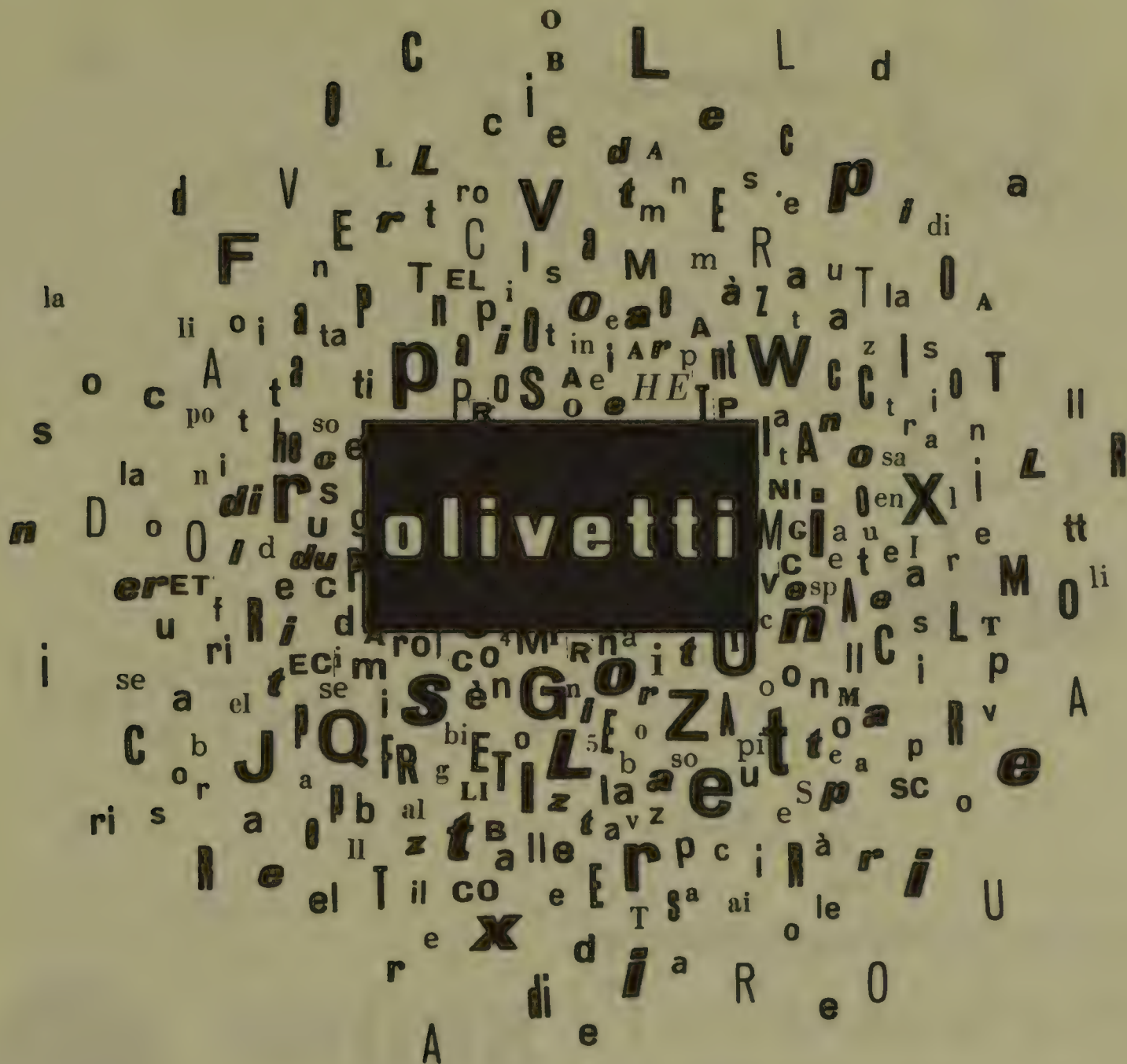
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MONARCH**  
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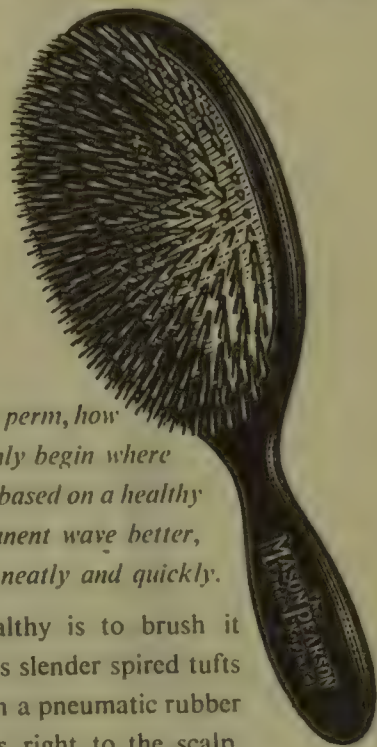
Reign over Rain

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The surest way to keep your hair healthy is to brush it regularly with a Mason Pearson. With its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristle, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson penetrates right to the scalp. It stimulates, aerates, sweeps away dust and dandruff and lifts every disarranged strand into place, restoring the set to its proper formation.

And remember, a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave. Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1955.



HOME AGAIN AFTER HER SIGNALLY SUCCESSFUL TOUR: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO ARRIVED IN LONDON FROM THE CARIBBEAN BY AIR ON MARCH 3.

Princess Margaret arrived at London Airport on Thursday morning, March 3, in the B.O.A.C. *Stratocruiser* "Canopus," from Bermuda, the last island which she visited on her West Indian Tour. The Royal traveller, who was greeted at the airport by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were accompanied by their children, and the Queen Mother, looked slightly sun-tanned and very well, and received an enthusiastic reception from the assembled crowds. The tour—the

first which her Royal Highness has undertaken in the Commonwealth unaccompanied by any other member of the Royal family—was immensely successful. The young Princess's grace and Royal poise carried her buoyantly through a most exacting programme of official functions, and her charming personality made a deep impression. Last Tuesday, March 8, was the date arranged for her Royal Highness's drive to the City for the Mansion House "welcome home" luncheon in her honour.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE story of the 978 British prisoners of war in Korea, who were held for nearly three years in camps along the banks of the Yalu River, has been officially published under the ægis of the Ministry of Defence by the Stationery Office. In every way but one it is most depressing reading. For on the captors' side it is a tale of cruelty, knavery, and shocking inhumanity—the sort of story that makes one ashamed to be a man. Yet in one respect, it is moving and ennobling. For it is also a story of courage and constancy in adversity that makes one proud of what our fellow-countrymen at their best can be.

The background of the story was the determination of the Communists—and in this respect Chinese Communists appear to be very like their brother co-religionists in other lands—to trick or coerce the hapless prisoners in their hands into becoming future missionaries of their cruel and barbarous creed. Otherwise, one has the impression that they would not have troubled to keep them alive at all. Their thesis—and in this they were half-Communist and half-Chinese—was that, in obeying their orders and sailing to Korea to enforce the rule of international law and the decisions of the United Nations, these British lads had committed a revolting crime against humanity. For this they deserved to be sentenced to death as war-criminals or to suffer any other punishment that their captors chose to impose on them. For they had been guilty of the greatest offence of which in Communist eyes a man can be guilty: that of opposing the will of the self-elected rulers of the Communist world. It had been the will of the latter that Southern Korea should be forcibly invaded and annexed to the vast and ever-growing Communist empire. And these young men in khaki from remote British villas and tenements had been the instruments of opposing that will and had so placed themselves beyond the pale of what in Communist circles passes for humanity.

Yet, such was the goodness of the new determinist lords of earth that those who were prepared to express their contrition for this vile and insolent offence, deny their country and their country's cause, and become propagandists for the Communist creed were to be allowed to "work their passage." Provided they attended classes, signed and publicly affirmed their guilt and conversion, and agreed to act as informers on their more loyal fellow-prisoners, they were to be graciously permitted to enjoy such privileges as adequate, or near-adequate, food and medical care. Their treatment as prisoners of war was to depend, in other words, on how far their political convictions pleased their captors. This policy was officially described as one of "leniency." How those who had the outstanding courage not to pay even lip-service to this process of "brain-washing" and "conversion" were treated is best described in the words of the report itself:

Torture and ill-treatment were carried out quite cold-bloodedly for the purpose of breaking a man's resistance. . . . the "normal" treatment while in solitary confinement at camps was "to be made to stand or sit at attention (legs outstretched) and in complete silence from 04.30 hours to 23.00 hours daily. For the remainder of the day prisoners were allowed to sleep but were continually roused by the guard 'to make sure they were still there.' There were no beds and no bedding. Shoes and clothing, except for underclothes, were often taken away, even in the middle of winter; washing facilities were often denied, sometimes for months at a time, while visits to the latrine would be permitted only once or twice a day, even when the prisoner had dysentery. At Camp I, the Chinese built a number of boxes about 5 ft. by 3 ft. for prisoners undergoing sentences of solitary confinement. In one of these one private of the Gloucesters spent just over six months. The food was appalling and often stopped for several days at a time . . .

If the Chinese wanted results, quickly this treatment was intensified, and beating in one form or another was fairly common. A corporal of the Gloucesters who refused to give any information at all to the Chinese was taken out one evening at 9 o'clock at night and beaten by two Chinese until 3 o'clock in the morning with a club similar to a baseball bat. He had to stand to attention, stripped to the waist. At one point another Chinese came and took him down to the river and gave him a personal beating for some reason of his own. Prisoners were often bound with rope or wire for long periods; sometimes handcuffs were used. One British prisoner spent eight months in handcuffs which were frequently tightened.

A favourite trick was to bind a prisoner hand and foot with a rope passed over a beam, fixed as a hangman's noose round his neck. He was then hoisted up on his toes and the other end of the noose rope was tied to his ankles. The prisoner was told that if he slipped or bent his knees he

would be committing suicide and that his captors could not be held responsible as his life was in his own hands. Another favourite method was to bind a prisoner's wrists and ankles behind his back and to tie a rope, which passed over a beam, to his wrists. He was then hoisted up until his toes just touched the floor and left in that position for several hours.

Yet another form of punishment during solitary confinement was to make a prisoner stand to attention for long periods, either in the snow of the severe Korean winter or in the heat of a Korean summer. One British prisoner, for instance, was made to stand to attention for thirty hours at a time, with a sentry standing by with a fixed bayonet as "encouragement." Another was made to kneel on two small, jagged rocks and hold a large rock over his head with his arms extended. It took days for a man who had undergone this treatment to recover the ability to walk. Sometimes the North Korean guards at a jail which, though outside Camp 5, was used for the internment of some "reactionaries," pushed a long pencil-like piece of wood or metal through a small hole in the door and made the prisoner hold the inner end in his teeth. At odd times, without warning, the sentry would knock the outer end sideways. This had the dual effect of removing teeth and splitting the sides of the victim's mouth. A variation of this was for the guard to hit the outer end of the rod and so drive the other end against the back of the prisoner's mouth or down his throat. In winter opportunities for torture increased, and prisoners are known to have been marched barefooted on to the frozen Yalu River where water was poured over their feet. With temperatures well below 20 degrees of frost the water froze immediately.\*

I have quoted this passage in full, revolting though it is, because it ought to be read and reflected upon by everyone in the parliamentary West who has a vote and a share in the government of his country. The people who ordered and deliberately applied this treatment to our soldiers, causing the death of many hundreds from torture, neglect, malnutrition and disease, are now clamouring that we should betray our American allies and induce them to hand over to them and their sickening cruelty and tyranny Formosa and several more million helpless Asiatics. And a good many gullible and I know, otherwise sensible and kindly people in this country are arguing that because we are vulnerable to atomic attack and most of us would be killed by it, we ought—in order to avert such a contingency—to wash our hands

completely of all affairs but our own and bury our heads in our own domestic sand in the hope that the Communists, however many others they enslave, will pass us by or, if enslave us they must, leave us in peace. They don't really mean this, of course, and, if it came to the point, would act very differently just as they did in 1939. But they are not thinking straight and facing the real issue which, like all ultimate issues, is not a physical but a moral one. The best commentary on such loose thinking are the citations for gallantry in captivity set out in the Appendix of the Report. I will mention only one of them, that for Fusilier Kinne. This brave man, we are told, from the day he was captured in the Imjin River battle in April 1951 until his release two-and-a-half years later, had only two objects in mind: firstly to escape and secondly, by his contempt for his captors and their behaviour and his utter disregard for the treatment meted out to him, to raise the morale of his fellow-prisoners. Beaten up and tied for long hours to stakes, shut up for days in a small box cell where he was prodded by bayonets, kicked and spat on, beaten senseless with belts, stripped of his clothes and thrown into a dark rat-infested hole, he bore long-continued agony, illness and peril of death with a spirit of courage and unquenchable hope that one can only describe as partaking of the divine. "Every possible method both physical and mental was employed by his captors to break his spirit, a task which proved utterly beyond their powers." I had the honour to be one of those present when Fusilier Kinne received his George Cross from the Queen, and, though at the time I was unaware of precisely what he had done to deserve this great honour, his kind, smiling and alert face impressed itself firmly on my memory. I now know why.

Few of us are capable of such valour and constancy. But all of us, even those least endowed with such a spirit, can take courage and hope from its reminder that there is something greater and more enduring in the world than physical violence, atomic or otherwise, and that that something resides in the human soul. This is the real legacy of Korea, and of every great stand in human history for the liberty and dignity of man.

#### HEROISM RECORDED IN AN OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.\*



AWARDED THE GEORGE CROSS: FUSILIER DEREK GODFREY KINNE, THE ROYAL NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.



AWARDED THE GEORGE CROSS: LIEUT. T. EDWARD WATERS (DECEASED), THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT ATTACHED THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT



AWARDED THE GEORGE MEDAL: CAPTAIN ACTON HENRY GORDON GIBBON, ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY, WHO WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN ASSISTING AN ESCAPE OF OTHER P.O.W.s.

The fortitude of British P.O.W.s in Communist hands in Korea is discussed by Sir Arthur Bryant on this page. The citations of the two officers and one Other Rank decorated for their gallantry in captivity tell the following heroic stories. Fusilier Kinne, captured on April 25, 1951, last day of the Imjin River battle, escaped within twenty-four hours, but was retaken; and escaped and was again recaptured in July 1952. For his "un-co-operative attitude" he was beaten-up and tied up for twelve and twenty-four hours on tiptoe with a running noose round his neck which would throttle him should he relax. In handcuffs for 81 days, for five days confined in a small box-cell and periodically beaten and prodded with bayonets; made to stand at attention for seven hours; and beaten senseless and cast into a rat-infested hole from August 20 to September 19, 1952, he was never intimidated. He endured long periods of solitary confinement, his last sentence being on June 2, 1953, for wearing a rosette on Coronation Day.—Lieut. Waters, who was a young inexperienced officer, was captured after the Imjin River battle, having been seriously wounded in the head and arm. On the journey to Pyongyang he cared for wounded Other Ranks. His party was confined in "The Caves," a tunnel driven into the side of a hill, through which water ran, with many ragged and filthy South Korean and European P.O.W.s. They received little food and no medical care. Realising that his men could not survive, Lieut. Waters ordered them to pretend to join the "Peace Fighters" (active participants in pro-Communist propaganda), who were promised better conditions; while he, as an officer in whom British prestige was vested, remained steadfast. He died shortly after.—Captain Gibbon, while being interrogated by North Korean security personnel, was instrumental in helping three other P.O.W.s to escape, and was in consequence tortured. Hung from a tree by a rope attached to his wrists, bound behind his back, he was kicked and beaten for hours, but never gave any information.

\* Ministry of Defence: "Treatment of British Prisoners of War in Korea." H.M. Stationery Office. 1s.



# FAREWELL TO THE CARIBBEAN AND WELCOME HOME: PRINCESS MARGARET'S RETURN TO LONDON AIRPORT.



ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 2: THE EARL OF RANFURLY, GOVERNOR OF THE BAHAMAS (LEFT), WAVING FAREWELL TO PRINCESS MARGARET AS SHE LEFT NASSAU FOR HOME IN THE B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS" AT THE END OF HER CARIBBEAN TOUR.



ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 3: THE QUEEN WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE AT LONDON AIRPORT, AS THE STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS" FLEW IN WITH PRINCESS MARGARET ON BOARD.



WAITING TO GREET PRINCESS MARGARET: THE QUEEN LOOKING TOWARDS "CANOPUS," AS THE DUKE OF CORNWALL PRODS THE RED CARPET WITH HIS TOE, TO THE AMUSEMENT OF THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS ANNE.

At 12.15 p.m., local time, on March 2, Princess Margaret left Nassau, in the Bahamas, in the B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser "Canopus" for the 6000-mile flight to London. The Princess was escorted to the airliner by the Governor and Lady Ranfurly, and a large crowd waved farewell as Princess Margaret left at the end of her triumphant month's tour of the West Indies. After a two-hour refuelling stop at Bermuda, "Canopus" left for the twelve-hour non-stop flight to London, which was reached exactly on time at 10.40 a.m. on March 3. Waiting at the airport to give the



BACK ON ENGLISH SOIL: PRINCESS MARGARET SMILINGLY ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETING OF THE PEOPLE ASSEMBLED AT THE AIRPORT AS SHE PRECEDES THE QUEEN FROM THE AIRCRAFT TO HER CAR, WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT HER SIDE.

Princess a warm welcome home was the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. From the warmth of the West Indies Princess Margaret came back to a temperature of only six degrees above freezing-point and a Lady-in-Waiting carried a fur coat to the airliner. After the Royal family had greeted Princess Margaret in the privacy of the aircraft, she was then greeted by Ministers and officials. The Royal children accompanied their aunt when she inspected and thanked the "Canopus" crew.





IN ONE OF THE COMPLETELY INUNDATED AREAS OF NEW SOUTH WALES: A HOME IN THE TOWN OF WARREN AFTER THE FLOOD-WATERS OF THE MACQUARIE RIVER HAD INUNDATED IT.



AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE FORCE OF THE FLOOD-WATERS AND THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED: THE MAIN LINE TO BRISBANE BROKEN, AND THE BRIDGE SWEEP AWAY AT SINGLETON.



TWO MEN BEING RAISED TO A HELICOPTER. THEY TRAGICALLY LOST THEIR HOLD AND WERE KILLED BY HITTING ELECTRIC CABLES.

The terrible floods in the Hunter valley and in central and west New South Wales have caused widespread destruction and suffering. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, when announcing that the British Government had given £250,000 for relief, stated that they were the worst in the history of Australia. On February 24, the swollen Hunter river overwhelmed Singleton, a mining town 146 miles north of Sydney, rendered 20,000 people homeless in Maitland; and Dubbo, Warren, Mendooran, and other towns in the western part of the State

## THE WORST FLOODS IN THE HISTORY RESCUE WORK IN AFFECTED



RELIEF WORK IN THE TOWN OF WARREN, ON THE MACQUARIE RIVER: AN ARMY D.U.K.W. IS DELIVERING FOOD AND SUPPLIES TO HOUSEHOLDERS MAROONED IN THEIR HOMES.



THE MAIN STREET OF MAITLAND AFTER THE HUNTER RIVER HAD ROARED THROUGH IT: THE FORCE OF THE WATER IS INDICATED BY THE MEN'S EFFORTS TO JOIN HANDS.



EVACUATION WORK BY THE R.A.F.: REFUGEES BEING LOADED INTO TRUCKS STANDING IN THE SWIRLING WATER, IN ORDER THAT THEY MIGHT BE CARRIED TO SAFETY.

were also inundated. Thousands of head of cattle perished, and damage to crops in the Hunter valley alone was estimated to amount to £500,000. By February 27 more torrential rain had increased the disaster. An area of 30,000 square miles was under water and over 50,000 persons were homeless. The flood-waters of the McIntyre, Cwydir, Namoi, Castlereagh, Macquarie and Bogan rivers were menacing towns as they rushed westward. Weewaa, 275 miles north-west of Sydney, was reported "obliterated," and Nyngan, on the Bogan, was putting up

## OF AUSTRALIA: INUNDATIONS AND AREAS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.



SHOWING ROWS OF CARS STILL ABOVE THE FLOODS: THE RAILWAY STATION AT WEST MAITLAND, WITH THE LINE AND PLATFORMS COMPLETELY SUBMERGED.



RUNNING FOR SAFETY: FRIGHTENED WOMEN CAUGHT IN THE RUSH OF WATER AFTER THE SANDBAG DEFENCES AT MAITLAND HAD BEEN BREACHED BY THE RIVER.



TAKING THE CITIZENS OF MAITLAND—ONE OF THE WORST-AFFECTED PLACES—FROM THEIR FLOODED TOWN TO A SAFE AREA: A WOMAN BEING CARRIED ON BOARD A VEHICLE.

a fight to save itself by erecting emergency barriers and banks. Relief work was at once instituted on a vast scale. The resources of the armed forces were fully mobilised. R.A.F. aircraft dropped supplies, and rubber boats to allow people marooned on roof-tops to escape, and helicopters—including five British Royal Navy machines—were exceedingly useful. At the time of writing, the number of casualties is not known, but some fifty people are believed to have died. Two men were electrocuted when they fell into a tangle of electric cables while being



JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF DUBBO, ON THE MACQUARIE: A SUBMERGED HOMESTEAD, WITH THE WINDMILL FOR PUMPING WATER STILL TURNING—USELESSLY.



A CALL FOR AID: "MARGONED; HELP" PAINTED IN HUGE LETTERS ON THE ROOF OF A HOME—STAY. HELICOPTERS WERE USED FOR RESCUE, AND AIRCRAFT DROPPED RUBBER BOATS.



WADING THROUGH THE BLACK SILT WHICH THE FLOOD-WATER LEFT: AN INHABITANT OF MAITLAND WITH HER PET PARROT.

hailed into a helicopter. Evacuation of population was arranged from Maitland, Narrabri and Singleton, for though the waters were receding by March 1, there was danger of epidemics. A thick blanket of black mud and silt covered every area which had been flooded, and the large number of snakes seeking refuge on dry areas added to the horror. The Queen sent a message to the Governor-General of Australia, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, expressing sympathy with the flood sufferers and Sir William has surveyed the area affected, from an R.A.F. aircraft.



## ON VIEW IN YORK: PAINTINGS FROM THE LYCETT GREEN COLLECTION.



"THE PIAZZA SAN MARTINO AND THE CATHEDRAL, LUCCA"; BY ANTONIO CANALE, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768), VENETIAN SCHOOL. (Canvas; 19½ by 27½ ins.)



"STILL-LIFE"; BY LUIS MENENDEZ (1716-1780), A FINE WORK BY A NEAPOLITAN-BORN PAINTER OF THE SPANISH SCHOOL. SIGNED WITH INITIALS L. M. (Canvas; 14 by 19½ ins.)



"LUCRETIA"; BY FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI, CALLED FRANCIA (c. 1450-1517). SCHOOL OF BOLOGNA. (Panel; 20½ by 16½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF MONSIGNOR AGUCCHI"; BY DOMENICO ZAMPIERI, CALLED DOMENICHINO (1581-1641). SCHOOL OF BOLOGNA. (Canvas; 23½ by 18½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR"; BY BERNARDO LICINIO (fl. 1520-1544). VENETIAN SCHOOL. SIGNED P. LYCINII. (Canvas; 38 by 30 ins.)



"THE PARABLE OF THE MOTE AND THE BEAM"; BY DOMENICO FETI (1589-1624). SCHOOL OF MANTUA. EXHIBITED AT AGNEW'S IN 1924. (Panel; 24 by 17½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER (1610-1690). FLEMISH SCHOOL. SIGNED D. TENIER; INSCRIBED AT. 27. (Panel; 13½ by 9½ ins.)



"REBECCA AT THE WELL"; BY FRANCESCO SOLIMENA (1657-1747). NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL, POET AND MUSICIAN AS WELL AS PAINTER. (Canvas; 57 by 47½ ins.)

Mr. F. D. Lycett Green has generously lent to the City of York Art Gallery the interesting collection of Old Master Paintings which he formed in the space of twenty years, and it was due to be put on exhibition on March 8. To quote from the foreword to the catalogue, "What makes this collection so interesting and important to a public gallery is its emphasis on all schools of painting, from the early fourteenth to the eighteenth century. Italian, Flemish, German, Spanish, Dutch, French and English Masters are included, some of them great, some minor, but the history of the art does not consist of Masterpieces only, and a true representation can well include the greater and the lesser men and their works." Dr. Hess, the Curator of York Art Gallery, has arranged the paintings in

accordance with their style to form "chapters illustrating the development of art and thought in Europe from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century." The early Italians exhibit the Christian endeavour to recapture the lost art of painting of Antiquity, and make use of it in the service of the Church; the Renaissance artists present the rediscovery and re-interpretation of the Antique. German, Flemish and Dutch Masters are in tune with the Reformation, and are followed by the safe and comfortable paintings of Bourgeois life as it developed in Northern Europe. A "short flicker" of the Church Militant is seen in the works of the Counter-Reformation painters of Spain and Italy; and the cool and distinguished vision of the Age of Reason follows.



# ROYAL OCCASIONS: SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS, THE CITY'S WELCOME HOME TO PRINCESS MARGARET.



A SKILLED BRICKLAYER: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW ANNEXE TO THE BALTIC EXCHANGE IN ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.

On March 2 Sir Winston Churchill, accompanied by Lady Churchill (left of photograph), laid the foundation-stone of the new annexe to the Baltic Exchange in St. Mary Axe in the City of London. At the luncheon, after the ceremony, he thanked the members of the Exchange for having made him an honorary member.



AFTER THE NAVY AND ARMY MATCH: THE QUEEN, AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On March 5 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with the Duke of Cornwall, were at Twickenham to see the rugby football match between the Royal Navy and the Army, in which the Army was beaten by a goal and a penalty goal to a try. Our photograph shows Mr. W. C. Ramsey, president of the English Rugby Union, accompanying the Queen and the Duke of Cornwall, and Colonel F. D. Prentice, secretary of the Union, with the Duke of Edinburgh.



AT THE LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE CITY OF LONDON ON MARCH 8 TO MARK PRINCESS MARGARET'S RETURN FROM HER CARIBBEAN TOUR: THE SCENE AT THE MANSION HOUSE AS HER ROYAL HIGHNESS TOOK HER PLACE BETWEEN THE LORD MAYOR, SIR SEYMOUR HOWARD, AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. NEXT TO THE LADY MAYORESS IS THE EARL OF SCARBROUGH, THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, AND MRS. ATTLEE (RIGHT).



AT THE H.Q. OF THE MAGIC CIRCLE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING PRESENTED WITH A MAGIC WAND BY MR. HERBERT J. COLLINGS, THE FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

On February 28 the Duke of Edinburgh paid a private visit to the headquarters of the Magic Circle with his uncle, Earl Mountbatten. The Duke started off the Circle's golden jubilee celebration by "sawing" his equerry, Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker, "in half." The Duke was presented with a silver-mounted wand bearing the crest of the Circle, the highest award it can give.



WITH A SMALL LEEK IN THE STRAP OF HIS CAP: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE WELSH GUARDS. On March 1, St. David's Day, the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Guards' Depot at Caterham. At a parade of officers and men of the Welsh Guards, he presented leeks.



## THE DUCHESS WHOSE LEGEND HAS ENDURED.

"GEORGIANA. Extracts from the Correspondence of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire"; Edited by the Earl of Bessborough, P.C., G.C.M.G.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"GAINSBOROUGH'S DUCHESS" is the newspaper term for her: she was painted by Gainsborough in a vast feathered hat, and the picture was stolen, and then it was recovered. She is otherwise remembered as the young and beautiful Great Lady who kissed electors, notably a butcher, while canvassing for Charles James Fox in a momentous Westminster Election. The Gainsborough portrait is not reproduced in Lord Bessborough's volume: perhaps he thought it hackneyed. I would rather it had been used as a frontispiece than Downman's drawing which gives her the sort of unbelievable turn-ups at the corners of the lips as Thackeray gave Becky Sharp in his illustrations to his own "Vanity Fair." The kisses are also missing. She wrote to her mother—she had canvassed hard enough, because the Whigs bullied her into it, knowing that her *beaux yeux* might decide the issue—"I would give the world to be with you, for I am unhappy beyond measure here and abus'd for nothing, yet as it is begun I must go on with it. They will not give it up and they insist upon our all continuing to canvass. In short, they say, having begun and not going on w'd do a deal of harm. I shall go to Church to-day, but I am really so vex'd (tho' I don't say so) at the abuse in the newspapers that I have no heart left. It is very hard they sh'd single me out when all the women of my side do as much. . . . Dr Mama, I repent, as I often do, the part I have taken, tho' I don't see how I c'd have done otherways. My Sr and Ly [name illegible] were both kiss'd, so it's very hard I who was not sh'd have the reputation of it."

In this volume (edited by Lord Bessborough in his customary efficient and self-effacing manner) she emerges from the painters' canvases as a real, worrying, suffering person. So far as I know, only one life of her has been written. That was by her descendant, Iris Leveson Gower, a charming and sensible woman who died just before, or just after, her book was published: it was called "The Face Without a Frown." In a way the description is correct: she had tremendous resilience: if, at one moment, she felt almost suicidal because of her gambling debts, as soon as Mr. Coutts the banker, or the Duke of Bedford, or a French refugee, or some other kind friend, or her long-suffering mother, came to the rescue every dawning wrinkle vanished from her brow and she

incurred by her mania for card-games and her incompetent housekeeping, amounted to £100,000. Her mother, Lady Spencer, continually (having herself been bitten) warned her against games of chance,



HUSBAND OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE: WILLIAM, FIFTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. From a painting by Battoni at Chatsworth.

and begged her to stick to whist and such pastimes. But it seems that she had a better chance at games of chance than she had at games where skill was involved. Roulette would have been a better game for her than whist: she couldn't stop playing and she couldn't help losing.

The "face" in this volume has, alas, too many "frowns." Some people, reading this book, might exclaim: "I've no patience with the woman: she had every chance, and she threw everything away because of her silly self-satisfaction." But really she had no chance at all. She was married at seventeen to a very rich young Duke, and obliged to be a great hostess when she still should have been at school. He wasn't a bad young Duke, as Dukes go, and, in his lethargic way he loved the wandering wisp of thistle-down which had come into his charge. He had already had an illegitimate child before he married (she took charge of the child later), but he was probably more seduced than seducing. He had considerable intellectual powers; some people thought that, had he a mind to it, he might become Prime Minister; he had that heavy underlip and protruding chin which, in Cavendishes as in Hapsburgs, has sometimes indicated determination, and sometimes mere mulishness. They had three children. He sent her into exile for a while because she was with child by Charles Grey, later Lord Grey of the Reform Bill. Meanwhile, he was living with Lady Elizabeth Foster, who had left a brutal husband,

and was giving her children. There was, for a time, a *ménage à trois*, nobody minding! It ended with an amiable concourse of his children, their children, and her child: the sluggish and good-natured Duke didn't seem to mind anything, unless the debts piled up to such an extent that he couldn't meet them, except after troublesome talks with solicitors and such. When Georgiana died, the Duke married Lady Elizabeth: making

her, to some extent, "an honest woman."

Georgiana, in our time, would probably have gone to Girton and become a literary woman. Her letters are sprinkled with snatches of verse—too rapidly dashed off and good only in spots, some witty and some romantic—and when Doctor

Johnson, in the last year of his life, came to Chatsworth, she revered him. "We did not come down till late and at about one Dr. Johnson and his friend, Dr. Taylor, arrived, he look'd ill, but, they say, is wonderfully recovered. He was in great good humour and vastly entertaining, tho' his first *début* was dry. He s'd upon young Burke's asking him if he was quite well—Sir, I am not half well, no nor a quarter well—and he talk'd in too high a strain about new friendships and Aristotle, but when he got more at his ease the Duke took him under the lime trees, and he was wonderfully agreeable indeed. We set him on the subject of Topham Beauclerk. He s'd he had mind that, had it not been perverted, was capable of anything, but that as his wine was strong and high, so was his vinegar sour. He talk'd of his temper and s'd he seldom spoke but with a design of hurting, but, added he, I told him that he fail'd in hurting me when he attempted it, by the force of anything he said; he only hurt me by the design. Dr. J. was likewise very entertaining about Sr Wm. Jones's learning. In short Ly Eliz and me were very sorry to leave him for the public day. He din'd here and does not shine quite so much in eating as in conversing, for he eat much and nastily."

Dr. Johnson did not "shine" at eating. It is the old accusation; but it is evident that the young Duchess liked him, as every other woman who met him liked him. And Georgiana's remarks about all sorts of other people whom she met—including Mr. and Mrs. Brown, or in other words, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—are equally pertinent. The memory



THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH, WHO HAS EDITED THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Lord Bessborough, who was born in 1880, succeeded his father as ninth Earl of Bessborough in 1920. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1903. He was Governor-General of Canada, 1931-35. His publications include: "The Diaries of Lady Charlotte Guest" and "The Diaries of Lady Charlotte Schreiber."



MOTHER OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE: GEORGIANA, COUNTESS SPENCER (1737-1814).

From a painting [unfinished] by Gainsborough.

thought she was a rich and care-free woman, a "Face Without a Frown." In the last resort—and it was always a last resort—there was always her husband. He never failed: though at one time her debts,



GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. From a sketch in oils by Reynolds, at Chatsworth.

Illustrations are from the Devonshire Collection and reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Chatsworth Settlement and from the book "Georgiana" by courtesy of the publisher, John Murray.

of her hasn't persisted for nothing. After all, there have been plenty of other Duchesses, some much more beautiful. Her legend has endured; and here, in her letters, especially in those almost daily ones to her mother, the foundation of the legend is exposed.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 476 of this issue.

\* "Georgiana. Extracts from the Correspondence of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire." Edited by the Earl of Bessborough, P.C., G.C.M.G. Illustrated. (John Murray; 25s.)



# THE REFITTING OF THE LAST OF THE CLIPPERS: WORK IN PROGRESS ON CUTTY SARK AT GREENWICH.



IN THE SPECIAL DRY-DOCK CONSTRUCTED FOR HER AT GREENWICH, WHERE SHE IS BEING PRESERVED AS A MEMORIAL TO THE MERCHANT NAVY: THE CLIPPER *CUTTY SARK*.



AT WORK ON THE MIZZEN MAST: WORKMEN OCCUPIED IN RESTORING AND REFITTING *CUTTY SARK*. BY 1956 IT IS HOPED THAT SHE WILL BE RESTORED AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.



CUTTING DEFECTIVE TIMBERS FROM THE STERN OF THE *CUTTY SARK*. HER RIBS AND DECK BEAMS ARE OF IRON AND HER OUTER SKIN OF WOOD, MOSTLY TEAK.



THE BOWS OF THE *CUTTY SARK*. SHE WAS BUILT BY SCOTTISH SHIPBUILDERS FOR CAPTAIN JOHN ("JOCK") WILLIS, JUNIOR, AND LAUNCHED ON NOVEMBER 23, 1869.

*Cutty Sark* made her last voyage in December 1954 to the dry-dock built for her alongside the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, where she will rest permanently. Restoration is in progress, and it is hoped that early in 1956 the ship will be opened to the public, fully-rigged and fitted as she was in the nineteenth century, with a nautical museum in her holds. *Cutty Sark* was launched in 1869. She was only 212 ft. in length and 36 ft. in beam, with a depth of 21 ft., yet with a maximum speed of a little over 17 knots, she was one of the fastest ships ever to move under

the power of sail alone. Her name is taken from the short shift worn by "Nannie," the witch in Robert Burns's poem, but her figure-head, carved by Robert Hellyer, was lost at sea. She did not succeed in winning the China Tea Race, but it was as a wool clipper that she outsailed all rivals and made her name. In 1895 Captain Willis sold her to the Portuguese, and in 1922 Captain Dowman bought her back and restored her. On his death, Mrs. Dowman presented her to the Thames Nautical Training College, who gave her to the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society.



# A GRACEFUL CURE FOR THE COMMON SCRAWL: A FAIR ITALIC HAND.

By ALFRED FAIRBANK, C.B.E.

WHAT can I do about my wretched scribble? A few years ago that sort of question would have been asked without expectation of a firm reply, or, indeed, without any intention to do a thing about it, whatever answer was given. To-day a direct and pertinent response might be: "Well, why not try italic handwriting? A good many people are doing so!"

## LITERA DA BREVI.

A b c d e f g g h i k l m n o p q r s t u v x y z

~: Marcus Antonius (Cassanova): ~

Pierij vates, laudem si opera ista merentur,  
Praxiteli nostro carmina pauca date.

Non placet hoc; nostri pietas laudanda (oryti est);  
Qui dicat hæc; nisi vos forsan uterq; monet;  
Debetis saltem Dijs carmina, ni quoq; et istis  
Illa datis, iam nos mollia sacra sumus.

A A B B C C D D E E F F G G H H I I  
K L L M M N N O O P P Q Q R R S S  
T T U U V V X X Y Y Z Z & & & &

Ludovicus Vicentinus scribebat Romæ anno  
salutis M DXXIII

A FRAGMENT FROM THE WRITING-BOOK OF LUDOVICO ARRIGHI, PRODUCED AT VENICE IN 1523.

What is handwriting? It is, of course, a necessary accomplishment as a means of communication, excellent for friendship, though, as a substitute for speech, it has its limitations. To different people it will suggest other things. To a bank official, a means of establishing identity. To the graphologist, a guide to character. To some teachers, a sort of punishment for boys. To certain manufacturers, that which produces a demand for paper, pens, and ink. The member of the Society for Italic Handwriting, however, will regard it from the point of view of the craftsman: it is to him a way of making and creating, and in his correspondence he finds through it the chance to express his æsthetic feelings. Those who cannot draw, but take pleasure in appearances, are afforded an inviting and welcome opportunity to add to the production of things that give visual satisfaction.

Clarity and speed are obvious requirements, but how delightful to find that one can be a calligrapher and add grace to penmanship. Ordinary things are so often "very ordinary," if not downright dreary, and contemporary works are frequently harsh and the expression of a heavy spirit. Now grace and delight are bidden to take part, if only in a commonplace activity.

Why "italic"? Is not italic understood to refer to the sloping type used by printers for purposes of contrast? The answer is that the first italic type, used by Aldus in printing a Virgil at Venice in 1501, was based on the handwriting of a humanistic penman, who may possibly have been Bartolomeo Sanvito. The italic hand in use to-day is a simplified version of the handwriting of Renaissance Italy.

In the Middle Ages the scripts did not carry the standard of clarity of our alphabets. At the beginning of the fifteenth century Florentine scholars, in their enthusiasm for the works of the classic authors of Greece and Rome, made searches for neglected manuscripts. The Latin texts were often found to be written in the Caroline hand of the tenth and eleventh centuries, a rounded and clearer script than the mediæval hands, which was much liked and, indeed,

adopted for their own use by these early humanists of the Renaissance, and notably by Niccolo Niccoli and Poggio Bracciolini. The mediæval scripts were thought by the humanists to be barbarous, and therefore they were termed Gothic. Two hands were developed which gradually replaced the Gothic: the formal Roman and the informal cursive italic. By its use in the Papal Chancery for writing briefs the humanistic cursive came to be known as *littera cancellarescha*.

The first printed writing-manual, with italic models printed from engraved wood-blocks, was produced at Rome in 1522 by Ludovico Arrighi, and this book is much esteemed for the beauty of the *cancellarescha* script. Its teaching of italic was followed by a succession of other manuals in Italy, France, Holland, Spain, etc., and eventually, in 1571, there appeared the first such printed book to be published in England: "A Booke Containing Divers Sortes of Hands," by John de Beauchesne and John Baildon. This book showed "The Italicque hande" amongst others.

Henry VII. was familiar with the hand, for his Gothic signature appears on documents written in italic and his children had instruction in the Italian hand. Roger Ascham, who taught Elizabeth I., found in her a distinguished pupil, as is clearly shown by the illustration of an undated letter written to her brother, Edward VI., concerning an attempt on her part to visit him. The English Elizabethan version of *cancellarescha* is an angular letter, but angularity is a characteristic that tends to restrict speed. The letters written by Bartholomew Dodington, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, to Lord Burleigh, show the Elizabethan variant in its most exquisite form.

When handwriting models began to be printed from engraved copperplates, the engraving tool produced the standards to which the pen had to conform. This unhealthy circumstance explains largely the inevitable decay, for not only does it require skill and time to write a good copperplate hand, but obviously it is more sensible for the pen to be its own guide.

The story of the revival of italic handwriting, which a famous fashion journal calls "our current universal passion," begins in the nineteenth century with two great poets, William Morris and Robert Bridges. Morris owned a copy of Arrighi's manual and experimented in the style for the making of manuscript books. Bridges had become interested about the time of his marriage, and some years later his wife published the first of the recent italic models. Edward Johnston, the greatest calligrapher of modern times, although concerned more with formal penmanship than with cursive handwriting, owned a book with a most lovely script of the fifteenth century and illustrated it in his "Writing and Illuminating and Lettering." Graily Hewitt made copy-books in italic in 1916, but the lack of joins reduced their usefulness. Encouraged by friends in the Society of Scribes and Illuminators (a body of professional calligraphers), the author produced the first contemporary italic handwriting manual\* with complementary writing-cards. By

For if your graces advise that I shoulde retourne (whos wil is a comandement) had not bin, I wold not have made the halfe of my way, the ende of my journey. And thus is one desirous to hire of your & Maiesties helth though vnsfortunat to se it I shal pray God for ever to preserve you. From Hatfield this present Saturday.

Your & Maiesties humble stile  
to comandement Elizabeth

THE ITALIC SCRIPT IN ENGLAND: THIS UNDATED LETTER WAS WRITTEN TO KING EDWARD VI. BY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE FIRST, WHEN A PRINCESS. Illustrations reproduced from "A Handwriting Manual": by Courtesy of the Author and Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.

1952 so much enthusiasm had arisen for italic writing that, as president, he led this Society to inaugurate the Society for Italic Handwriting.†

The astonishing success of the italic hand and of the new Society—which now has 1400 members in twenty countries and is rapidly expanding—has two

prime causes: its fascination to adults and its suitability for schools. The simplified contemporary style is sufficiently simple for children of eight, nine and ten years of age to write with impressive distinction. But although the system is fit for the young, it has about it an attraction for adolescents and adults, for whilst not intricate in its elements, it has no limit to skill and beauty in its ultimate form. The style has been adopted at Eton and Harrow and other well-known public schools, and also by numerous professional men, officers in H.M. Forces, Civil Servants,

*l'italique hande*

it is the part of a yonge man to reverence his elders, and of suche to choose out the best and moste commended whose counsaile and auctoritie hee maye leane vnto: For the wyskylfulnesse of tender years must by old mens experience, be ordered & govern.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R

S T U V X Y Z

D

THE FIRST PRINTED WRITING-MANUAL TO BE PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND: A PAGE FROM A BOOK CONTAINING DIVERS SORTES OF HANDS, BY JOHN DE BEAUCHESNE AND JOHN BAILDON, LONDON, 1571.

housewives, etc. All this points to the pleasure to be gained in writing a hand that smacks of history and tradition, and that is compounded of the virtues of clarity and speed and the delight of gracious shaping and rhythmical patterning.

Ann Giddings: age 14 years: Devizes Grammar School.

Give me a golden pen, and let me lean  
On heaped up flowers, in regions clear, and far;  
Bring me a nibbler whiter than a star,  
Or hand of hymning angel, when 'tis seen  
The silver strings of heavenly harp attune:  
And let there glide by many a pearly ear,  
Pink robes, and wavy hair, diamond jar,  
And half-discovered wings, and glances keen.  
The while let music wander round my ears,  
And as it reaches each delicious ending,

THE ITALIC HAND IN A SIMPLIFIED FORM IS EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN: THIS BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF MODERN CALLIGRAPHY IS THE WORK OF A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD SCHOOLGIRL.

The schools have been, and too many still are, in a plight about the teaching of handwriting (not to mention the non-teaching). Print-script is no preparation for a copperplate-derivative, and the latter, anyhow, all too easily decays into a vulgar and illegible scrawl. With italic writing one may begin with an alphabet no less simple than print-script (and, indeed, perhaps simpler, since it is related to the ellipse and not the circle) and go on, without upheaval, at a later stage.

The success of italic handwriting naturally has aroused criticisms, one of which is that children are too attracted by it! People at first sight sometimes consider that the script is slow and that everybody writes alike. It need only be slow whilst one is learning new movements of the pen and if one wants to write with careful precision. Otherwise, it can be said to have important labour-saving devices: for example, the pen, in writing a sprawling word, might travel an inch, but in italic only half as far; and the recommended pens are easy-running and do not require to be used with regulated pressure, for they make thick and thin naturally. As regards individuality in handwriting, one soon sees the personal style, just as one

soon identifies the footballer, although all his team have striped shirts. Character will be expressed in good as well as in bad and dull ways, and primarily handwriting is intended to be read. The critics do not question the clarity of italic nor its grace. So take pen and write (in italics).

\* "A Handwriting Manual." By Alfred Fairbank. (Faber and Faber; 2s. 6d.)

† Honorary Secretary: Miss Anna Hornby, 32, Blomfield Road, W.9.



# AT THE 1955 IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: REGENCY AND MODERN FURNISHINGS.



IN REGENCY TERRACE: A CAREFUL RECONSTRUCTION OF MRS. FITZHERBERT'S PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM.



TWO CHAIRS BEING "RACKED" AND TESTED BEFORE THEY MAY CARRY THE BRITISH STANDARDS MARK.



THE IRON DUKE'S LIBRARY RECONSTRUCTED AT OLYMPIA: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ROOM.



PORTRAYING "GENIUS, DEBT AND DISORDER": RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN'S STUDY, BASED ON A ROOM IN HIS HOUSE IN SAVILE ROW, RECONSTRUCTED IN THE REGENCY TERRACE.



APPEARING TO DEFY THE LAWS OF GRAVITY: TWO "COOKS" IN A KITCHEN WHICH IS DESIGNED TO BE SEEN AS FROM "A BIRD'S EYE VIEW."



LITTERED WITH TIES, CRAVATS AND OTHER CLOTHES: BEAU BRUMMELL'S DRESSING-ROOM DEPICTED AS IT MIGHT HAVE APPEARED AFTER HE HAD COMPLETED HIS ELABORATE TOILETTE.



ILLUSTRATING THE USES OF LAMINATED PLASTIC IN THE HOME: AN EXHIBIT WHICH GIVES AN UNUSUAL SLANT ON A MODERN SITTING-ROOM.



IN THE SITTING-ROOM OF A HOUSE IN "THE VILLAGE ON THE HILL": A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CONNAUGHT BUNGALOW.

The 1955 *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition opened at Olympia on March 1, and will continue until March 26, being open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. except on Sundays. On this and on following pages we show some of the exhibits which are attracting men, women and children to Olympia. This year the Grand Hall at Olympia has been transformed into a colourful and gay version of London in Regency days. The 390-ft.-long carpet of the main aisle leads to a terrace of Regency houses in which are four rooms carefully reconstructed from the homes of the Duke of Wellington, Beau Brummell, Mrs. Fitzherbert and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. All these rooms contain genuine relics of the people whose personality

they re-create; in the Duke of Wellington Room, for instance, the chairs, desk, portraits, maps and despatch boxes all really belonged originally to the Iron Duke. Among the new features this year is the Wedding Pavilion, designed especially for the bride-to-be; here in contrast to a 1955 bridal dress there is the dress actually worn by Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, at the ball which followed her wedding in 1816. In the Food Section there is a special feature called "At Home with the Danes," where three meals a day are cooked and served to four members of the public. There is also a large Dutch market where Dutch girls, wearing national costume, demonstrate and sell their country's products.





A REAL GARDEN SET AGAINST A CLEVERLY-DESIGNED BACKCLOTH OF HOUSES: AN "ALL-SEASON" GARDEN IN THE GARDENS OF MUSIC AT OLYMPIA.

## THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA: HOMES AND GARDENS—AND THE IDEAL



SUITABLE FOR EXTENSION INTO BLOCKS OF UP TO TEN STOREYS: THE UNITY THREE-STOREY TWO-BEDROOM FLATS, WHICH ARE OF INTEREST TO LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND OTHERS.



BEING GREETED BY LORD ROTHERMERE: H.M. THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION ON FEBRUARY 28 WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



DESIGNED AS THE RESULT OF LONG AND METICULOUS ENQUIRIES: THE DAILY MAIL IDEAL KITCHEN, WHICH INCORPORATES THE IDEAS OF MANY WOMEN WITH YEARS OF EXPERIENCE.



A THREE-BEDROOM HOUSE: THE OLYMPIA HOUSE IN WHICH ONE OF THE BEDROOMS IS OF A SIZE TO MAKE IT EMINENTLY SUITABLE AS A NURSERY.

On February 28 the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, had a preview of the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, during a tour which lasted nearly an hour. The Royal visitors showed particular interest in 'The Village on the Hill', which is composed of six houses of differing designs, two bungalows, one planned in detail for the elderly and the other for a small family; a block of flats; a flatlet designed by the Y.W.C.A. for single women, and four shops. One of this



A COTTAGE-STYLE HOUSE WITH TWO DOUBLE BEDROOMS AND ONE SINGLE: THE DORMER HOUSE, WHICH COSTS £3,050 FREEHOLD ON A 40-FT. PLOT.

year's exhibits which is arousing particular interest is the Ideal Kitchen, which has been designed in the light of knowledge acquired during long and searching enquiry into the composition of meals and their preparation and cooking in modern homes throughout Britain. In it is incorporated the golden rule of a working surface on each side of both the cooker and the sink, a ventilated larder and good storage space. Shelving and cupboards are placed so that things are within arm's

## HER MAJESTY'S VISIT, AND SOME OF THE KITCHEN—IN A LABOUR-SAVING WORLD.



IN THE GRAND HALL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE REGENCY TERRACE: THE SCENE AT OLYMPIA WHICH EVOKES A COLOURFUL AND GAY LONDON OF REGENCY DAYS.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE IDEAL KITCHEN: THE BROOM CUPBOARD AND REFRIGERATOR IN A ROOM WHICH HAS BEEN PLANNED AS PART OF THE HOME AND NOT ONLY FOR PREPARING FOOD.



IN TUDOR STYLE: THE KNOWLE HOUSE, WHICH CAN HAVE EITHER THREE OR FOUR BEDROOMS AND COSTS £4175 FREEHOLD ON A 50-FT. PLOT.

reach. One of the working surfaces is set lower than the rest for such jobs as beating cake mixtures. The kitchen has been designed by a committee of women for the Council of Scientific Management in the Home. This year the Gardens of Music, a favourite feature since the show was founded in 1908, comprise fifteen gardens designed and laid out by some of the greatest nurserymen in the country. A newcomer is the *Daily Mail* Kitchen Garden, which is a walled garden in which



AN EXTENSION TO THE TERRACE OF A GEORGIAN HOUSE PAINTED ON A BACKCLOTH: AN "INGENIOUSLY" DESIGNED GARDEN WITH SKILFULLY GROUPED PLANTS AND TREES.



FOR THE ROYAL CHILDREN: DUTCH DOLLS BEING PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE SMALL DAUGHTER OF AN OFFICIAL AT THE NETHERLANDS EMBASSY.



A THREE-BEDROOM HOUSE: THE CROUCH HOUSE, WHICH HAS A CONVECTOR FIRE, PROVIDING WARM AIR TO THE TWO PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS BY MEANS OF DUCTS.

gardeners with the aid of modern scientific equipment have attempted to bring the vegetables and fruit grown in it to the state of maturity which they would attain, in natural conditions, by the month of June. Such popular annual features as the Domestic Labour-Saving Section, Fashion and Beauty, Furnishing and Decoration, and Do-It-Yourself have many items to interest and instruct the thousands of visitors who are making their way to Olympia.



THE conference in Bangkok, which ended on February 25, was the first meeting of the Council established by the South-East Asia collective defence treaty. This had come into force only a week earlier. The representatives were the Foreign Ministers of Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand (or Siam), the United Kingdom, and the United States, with a representative of France, unable to produce a Foreign Minister at the time. It was not a world-shaking event, and though it filled a good deal of space in the news, reporters and commentators did not show themselves very enthusiastic about it. Frowned on by neighbouring States, with some of its members wondering whether, when they met the Communists in Indonesia in April, they would be faced with blandishments or with thumb-screws, and without means of materially increasing the defensive strength of South-East Asia, it could be of only secondary importance. More risk exists of its being underrated than of its being exaggerated.

It is necessary. It has led to steps which, though short and tentative, may exert considerable influence on the future. These steps will have as their first and most important result that henceforth every development in the situation will be studied without delay by representatives of all the Powers concerned. So, it may be suggested, the verbiage in the statement does not furnish a reason for despising or neglecting the work which has been accomplished in a brief period. If the results are modest, the same thing must be said of the aims. Where the statement was at its most vague was on the subject of economic aid, but that is doubtless one about which further discussion is necessary. It is much clearer on the machinery of consultation, but the fact remains that consultation is all that is envisaged. No armed forces are specifically allotted to S.E.A.T.O. and it was never expected that they would be. Certain forces can be made available if they should be wanted.

I have mentioned that the meeting was held under the shadow of another conference and that disapproval of that in Bangkok was felt in other parts of Asia. The African-Asian conference in Indonesia is not likely to shake the minds of the Asian Governments which will participate in both. No threats or promises made in Indonesia can well alter their situation, and such commitments as they have made were entered into with the knowledge that pressure would later be exerted to induce them to abandon these. The disapproval of which they have to take chief account is that of India. Mr. Nehru and Mr. Menon have both spoken on the subject with relative moderation, the former without referring directly to Bangkok. Mr. Nehru disapproved of alliances between great and pygmy nations because it made the pygmies dependent, and added that, since it was insane to think of war now, military alliances and armaments had no value. There is some truth in the first proposition, though disapproval seems out of place. It is difficult to find any truth in the second.

The statement on the Bangkok meeting began by describing it as taking place at a time when circumstances gave increased urgency to the objects of the United Nations. The parties were, it was said, as one in their determination to take all possible measures to preserve and strengthen peace, and their attitude was purely defensive. They aimed at equal rights and self-determination, at the independence of all countries whose peoples desired it and could shoulder its responsibilities, and at co-operation in the fields of economics, social life, and culture. They condemned internal interference. They condemned, also, not only warlike action, but also "those subtle forms of aggression" by which freedom and self-government were undermined and men's minds were subverted. This point about subversion was strongly emphasised.

At all events, subversion occupied an unusually prominent place in the statement. The meeting agreed that "subversion and infiltration" amounted to a serious threat to the peace and security of the area. The various efforts made in this direction were discussed, and they were viewed with "grave concern." Experience in Malaya and the Philippines was exchanged, and members agreed to aid one another in resisting these tactics. The threat to peace called not only for steps to strengthen the common defence, but also for continued consultation and assistance. Arrangements were made for periodical meetings of economic experts, and it was recognised that economic questions arising out of the treaty commitments would involve both individual and collective measures. The Council reaffirmed its determination to support Cambodia, Laos and Viet Nam in their efforts to maintain their freedom and their independence. This summary concludes the section of the statement which may be described as generalities. The remainder is taken up with decisions for giving greater substance to the Manila Treaty.

It was arranged that the Council should consist of the Foreign Ministers as representatives of their respective States, or, failing them, of representatives specially designated. It would meet at least once a year and more often if necessary, as a rule in the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD

### TALKS IN BANGKOK.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

treaty area. When the Council was not in session, representatives would remain in Bangkok, and they would be entitled to make agreed recommendations to the Governments which were members. A secretariat would be formed. It was agreed that each member should appoint a military adviser. The senior military advisers who accompanied the Foreign Ministers—the

#### THE KITIMAT ALUMINIUM PLANT.



A MAP OF NORTH AMERICA, TO SHOW THE RELATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA (SHADED) AND KITIMAT TO THE REST OF THE SUB-CONTINENT.



A ROUGH SKETCH-MAP OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING THE RELATION TO VANCOUVER OF KITIMAT, AT THE HEAD OF THE DOUGLAS CHANNEL; KEMANO, THE SITE OF THE POWER-HOUSE; AND THE WATERSHED (ENCLOSED IN A DOTTED LINE) OF 5475 SQUARE MILES, HELD UP BY THE KENNEY DAM.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce a series of drawings especially made for *The Illustrated London News* to illustrate the great Kitimat aluminium project of the Aluminum Company of Canada. This project, which in its simplest terms consisted in applying part of the huge hydro-electric potential of British Columbia to the supply of immense quantities of cheap electric power for an aluminium manufacturing plant, is likely, within a few years, to be the world's largest. Quite apart from its value in producing large quantities of aluminium, the project has opened a vast area of the wilderness and, it is claimed, has altered the face of a region somewhat larger than Wales; and at Kitimat, in particular, has turned a small Indian settlement into a great industrial plant and a modern township, which before many years are past will probably grow to a city of some 50,000 inhabitants.

British was Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff—held their own meetings on this occasion, and it was decided that their staff planners should meet in Manila in April and later in Bangkok. That is about all, and it shows that the meeting constituted a planning conference and that the planning, so far as made clear, amounted from the

military point of view chiefly to the setting up of a secretariat, the holding of staff talks, and continued observation on the military side.

Staff talks are always valuable, and many alliances have, in the past, slipped through neglecting them or not making them thorough enough. They can, no doubt, do useful work as regards dispositions and plans in the area itself, but they will also need to be linked with plans on a higher level concerning reinforcement of the area in time of need. This is a question which must be carefully examined, and not only with the needs of South-East Asia in mind. The Communist world would be well pleased with the Bangkok meeting if it were to result in diverting strength needed elsewhere to a region in which their own chief activities at the moment were, for the most part, "subversion and infiltration," and in which they were, at the moment, not pursuing a policy calling for any great effort or stress. Soviet Russia, in particular, has good reason to congratulate itself over recent policy in Asia, which has cost only Asian blood, has resulted in Korea in a set-back on balance to the West, and brought about in Indo-China what can only be described as a disaster, though I seem to be one of the few who use the term.

We know nothing about another very important question which was discussed in private at Bangkok, though it did not come on to the agenda of the official meeting. This is the problem labelled "Formosa." It may be supposed that this label is inexact and that what Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Dulles were really concerned with was the off-shore islands. Formosa itself does not appear to be an immediate problem. We must take it for granted that the United States is determined to keep the Communists out of it at all costs, and is confident that they are unable to take it. A hundred miles is a big ditch even to-day, and we should have been glad, indeed, to have been as far removed as that from the European continent after the fall of France. From what our Foreign Secretary has already said on the subject, there is no reason to suppose that he even suggested to Mr. Dulles a retreat from Formosa. This is out of the question. It would be regarded in the United States as treacherous, cowardly, and an invitation to Communism to bluff its way to further victories.

The off-shore islands are clearly more dangerous, and the case for remaining in them is not nearly as strong. The procedure of getting out is, however, difficult in the extreme. My view is that the United States Government would prefer to see them abandoned, but that it is not—not yet, anyhow—prepared to put the screw on its Chinese Nationalist allies to induce them to pull out. In the first place, the United States regards Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's army as an asset of some importance. It feels that withdrawal from these outposts might have a fatal effect on its spirit. Apart from that, the Government feels that there have been too many withdrawals in the face of advancing Communism. I can understand the point of view, though, as I have already written here, I should like to see all these islands abandoned, and Formosa and the Pescadores held without question. But President Eisenhower, who bears a heavy burden, has a genuine dilemma to face. As I see it, time and patience will be needed but, while recognising the danger, I do not think these islands are likely to lead to a major war.

Apart from the plans which have emerged from it, the conference at Bangkok ought to justify itself by the exchange of general views and information. It has, one may hope, been made clear to the Asian nations represented that the non-Asian States are not concerned to interfere in their affairs and do not seek to dominate them in any way. The notion that there is something immoral in S.E.A.T.O. is wrong-headed, but it has been so cleverly distorted that the innocent even in this country have been asking whether we are not butting in where we have no right to be. It was fitting that the least physically strong or industrially developed of the nations, whose representatives have been sitting together, should have been the host. If it be true that Thailand is a key area in the struggle against Communism, it is no less true that Thailand genuinely desires assistance in resisting it. No pressure was put upon her to take the course which she has followed.

"Subversion" remains the key word. The weakness of the Bangkok meeting lies in the fact that States such as Burma and Laos, which are under Communist pressure, are not members of S.E.A.T.O. In both, armed Communism is active, and it is the combination of internal revolt, pressure from beyond the frontiers, and propaganda, which is most dangerous. The determination to support the Indo-Chinese States in maintaining freedom is a worthy decision, but it is one which will not be easy to translate from an aspiration to a reality. The undramatic conference marks only a beginning of a policy, perhaps only a search for one. What has been done is satisfactory so far as it goes. It will not suffice as it stands, and, if it is to be bettered, more will have to be achieved in the moral and economic spheres as well as in the military.





"IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING"—MODERN STYLE: THE HUGE CAVE HOLLOWED OUT OF THE GRANITE HEART OF MT. DuBOISE TO HOUSE THE GENERATING PLANT OF THE GREAT KITIMAT ALUMINIUM PROJECT.

The drawings reproduced here and elsewhere in this issue to illustrate the great Kitimat-Kemano-Kenney Dam project of the Aluminum Company of Canada have been made specially for *The Illustrated London News*, and in the person of the artist provide an interesting link with *The Illustrated London News* of 100 years ago. Edward Goodall is a Canadian artist, resident in Canada for the last twenty-two years, but British-born and the grandson of Edward A. Goodall, one of the first of our Special Artists and one of the group, which included Constantin Guys, who went out to draw the Crimean War for us. The Goodalls were indeed a family of artists, almost in the old Dutch way, the first to

make a name being the engraver, Edward Goodall (who engraved Turner's paintings). He had three sons, Frederick, who became an R.A.; Edward A. (our Special Artist in the Crimea) and Walter, a water-colourist. Two of Frederick's sons were also artists. The drawing above was made by the present Edward Goodall from the 120-ft. top of a crane, between 9 p.m. and midnight, and shows the three generators at present installed in the cavern power-house. This cavern, which has been carved out of the mountain some 1400 ft. from the face, is at present 80 ft. wide, 135 ft. high and 700 ft. long. It will eventually be lengthened by another 400 ft. and will then contain sixteen generating units.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDWARD GOODALL.





**FOUR YEARS AGO AN INDIAN VILLAGE—NOW THE PRODUCTION END OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRIVATE ENTERPRISE POWER DEVELOPMENT: THE KITIMAT ALUMINIUM PLANT ON MINETTE BAY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

Kitimat lies at the head of a fjord about 500 miles north of Vancouver, on the coast of British Columbia, and our artist's drawing shows the smelting plant and the dock areas of what will probably be the world's largest aluminium-producing plant. In the background rises the snowy peak of Mt. Ellsabeth; in the middle distance can be seen the pylons carrying the electric transmission lines across Minette Bay and bringing the huge quantities of power needed from the Kemano power-house, 50 miles away—this power deriving from the waters of a 150-mile-long reservoir held up by the Kenney Dam on the Nechako River. The idea of this great project is extremely simple; its carrying out a tremendous feat of engineering; and its scope

so vast that it is extremely difficult to grasp in the mind. Aluminium is in tremendous demand; its production calls for immense quantities of cheap power: British Columbia has a temperate climate and one of the largest untapped hydro-electric power potentials in the world to-day. These factors encouraged the Aluminium Company of Canada, Ltd. (ALCAN), the principal fully-owned subsidiary of Aluminium Ltd., to embark on the most ambitious aluminium project in history. The method was as follows: a dam now called the Kenney Dam, after Mr. E. T. Kenney, then British Columbia's Minister of Lands and Forests, was built in the gorge of the Nechako River, a tributary of the Fraser, and this dam converted a

string of rivers and lakes into a reservoir 150 miles long and 2800 ft. above sea-level; and reversed their flow. The dam is at the east end of the reservoir, but the waters are tapped at the west end and led along a 10-mile-long tunnel through the mountains to fall half a mile to the power-house at Kemano. There the water, passing down penstocks of 11-ft. diameter, enters the great cavern power-house and turns the turbine generators, three at present but eventually to number sixteen, producing at the first stage 450,000 h.p., but in the final stage something like 2,240,000 h.p. The water then passes to the Kemano River. The power meanwhile is taken by transmission lines 50 miles to Kitimat over the mountain and particularly over the 5300-ft.-high

Kildala Pass, a tremendous feat of engineering in which, incidentally, helicopters were much used, making 15,347 flights and flying 303,630 miles during the period 1949 to the end of 1953. At Kitimat, on the alluvial delta, is sited the modern plant which uses this electric power to convert into aluminium the alumina brought by sea from Jamaica, the schedule for the first stage of production being 91,500 tons a year, rising finally to 550,000 tons a year. An additional generator will be fitted this year, bringing the installed production capacity up to 151,500 tons a year by 1956. Five miles from the plant a modern town, with all the conveniences of to-day, is being built, which, it is thought, will eventually grow to be a city of some 35,000 to 50,000.

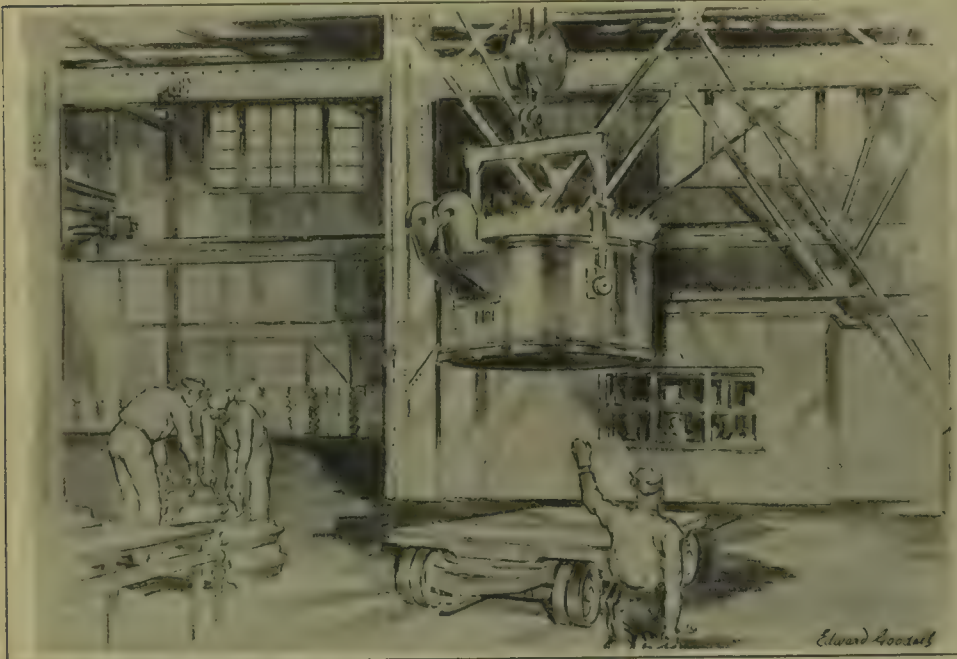
SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDWARD GOODALL.



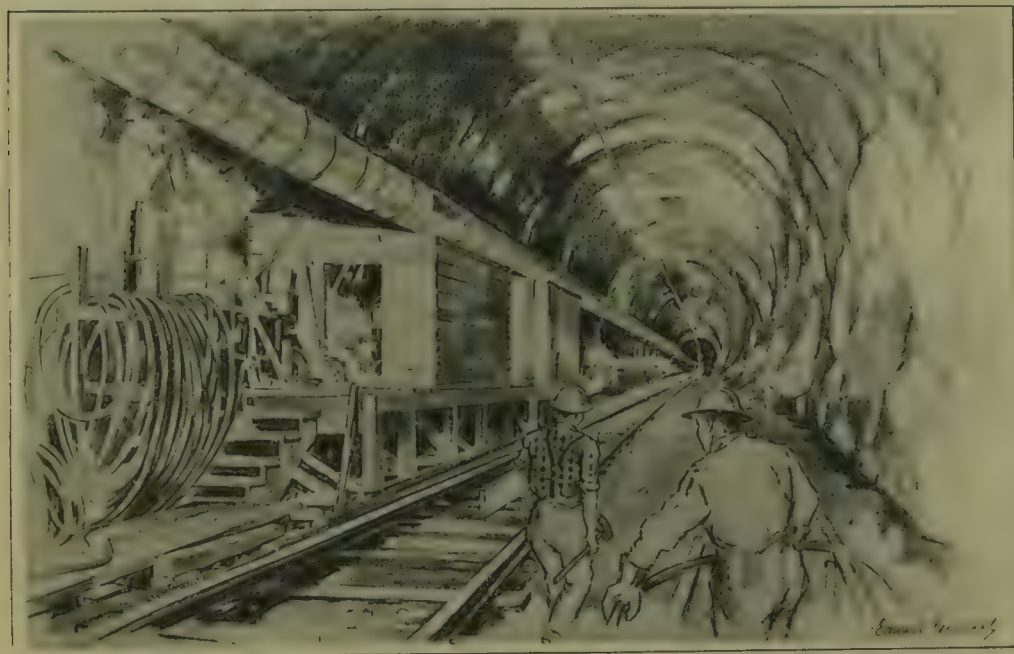
## KITIMAT AND KEMANO: HIGHLIGHTS OF ONE OF THE WESTERN WORLD'S GREATEST ENGINEERING FEATS.



THE KITIMAT RIVER VALLEY WITH, IN THE DISTANCE, THE 8000-FT. PEAK OF MT. ELIZABETH; AND, RIGHT MIDDLE DISTANCE, THE TOWN SITE OF KITIMAT CARVED OUT OF THE VIRGIN FOREST. A DRAWING MADE FROM THE TOP OF A GREAT HILL OF SAND AND GRAVEL.



IN THE KITIMAT SMELTER PLANT: A CRUCIBLE OF MOLTEN ALUMINIUM ARRIVING IN THE RE-MELT ROOM. HERE IT IS SIPHONED INTO THE RE-MELT FURNACES, BEFORE BEING CAST INTO 50-LB. INGOTS. EVENTUALLY THIS PLANT MAY WELL BE THE WORLD'S LARGEST.



INSIDE THE 10-MILE-LONG TUNNEL WHICH LEADS THE WATERS OF THE GREAT RESERVOIR TO THE SUBTERRANEAN POWER-HOUSE AT KEMANO. THE TUNNEL TOOK 22 MONTHS TO MAKE, AND IS OF 25-FT. HORSESHOE SECTION. THE WOODEN HUT IS A WORKSHOP FOR SHARPENING THE BITS USED IN DRILLING THE TUNNEL.

On this page our artist shows some detailed aspects of the great Kitimat aluminium producing project of ALCAN, the Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. The total cost of the first stage of the project amounts to about £92,000,000, and this cost will have been more than doubled by the time the project reaches completion. The British Government, which has first call on large tonnages of aluminium ingots from ALCAN, has made advances in the neighbourhood of £40,000,000 to the Company; and among a number of British firms supplying equipment to the development may be mentioned: English Electric Co., Ltd., Ferranti, Ltd., Pirelli-General Cable Works, Ltd., Stothert and Pitt, Ltd., and Simon Handling Engineers, Ltd. When the project is completed, about 200,000 tons



HOW THE POWER IS TAKEN FROM KEMANO TO KITIMAT: THE TRANSMISSION LINE LEAVING THE KEMANO VALLEY FLOOR AND CLIMBING TO TWIN PEAKS ON ITS WAY TO THE MILE-HIGH KILDALA PASS, AND ITS 50-MILE JOURNEY TO KITIMAT.



AT THE KITIMAT WHARF: IN THE FOREGROUND ARE STACKS OF ALUMINIUM INGOTS—THE FINISHED PRODUCT, WHILE IN THE CENTRE IS THE PLANT WHICH SUCKS THE RAW MATERIAL, ALUMINA, FROM THE SHIPS WHICH HAVE BROUGHT IT FROM JAMAICA.

of steel, 24,000 tons of aluminium and 4000 tons of copper will have been used. In boring the tunnel from Tahtsa Lake (the western end of the 150-mile-long reservoir) tunnelling records were broken and the head of the tunnel advanced 30 ft. each day, with three shifts working six days a week. For the transmission line which carries the power 50 miles over the mountains from Kemano to Kitimat via the mile-high Kildala Pass, the largest diameter cable ever made has been used.





THE DRAMATICALLY BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINSIDE, DEEP IN WHICH LIES THE SUBTERRANEAN POWER-HOUSE OF KEMANO—THE SOURCE OF THE ELECTRICITY USED BY THE GREAT KITIMAT ALUMINIUM PLANT.

This drawing was made from Powell Peak and it looks down on Camp 5, which could accommodate up to 3000 men employed in constructing the power-house at Kemano. On the mountainside behind can be seen the white line marking the clearing of the forest, through which runs the aerial tramway. At the head of this and to the left an arrow points to a dark mark. This is the end of an adit tunnel and it shows the level at which the ten-mile-long tunnel, bringing the water from the huge reservoir, ends; and the water begins its race through the pen-stocks in the heart of the mountain—a drop of 2600 ft., or more than sixteen times the height of Niagara Falls, to the turbine generators in the cavern power-house,

which lies about a quarter of a mile behind the lower arrow at the foot of the mountainside. This lower arrow marks the point where the tail-race waters from the power-house rush out to join the Kemano River. The mountain, a 7000-ft. peak, has been named Mt. DuBose, after Mr. McN. DuBose, the engineer who has been credited with fostering the Kitimat project. The interior of the subterranean power-house is shown in a drawing on page 455. In April 1951 six carpenters stepped ashore at the lonely Kitimat site—the humble beginning of a huge project; three years later, on August 3, 1954, the Duke of Edinburgh tapped Kitimat's first ingot of aluminium.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDWARD GOODALL.



# GLIDING HIGH: AN UNPLANNED RECORD FLIGHT OVER THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

THE aerial photographs on this page were taken by Mr. Philip Wills from a Weibe sailplane during a remarkable flight over the New Zealand Southern Alps on December 29 last. During this flight an Absolute Altitude of 30,400 ft. above sea-level was reached, and a Gain of Height of 28,400 ft., both new British, and, indeed, Empire records, and a new

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) UNSUITABLE CLOTHES FOR A GLIDING RECORD FLIGHT: MR. PHILIP WILLS TOOK OFF ON A BRIEF FLIGHT, AND GLIDED 45 MILES AT HIGH ALTITUDES.



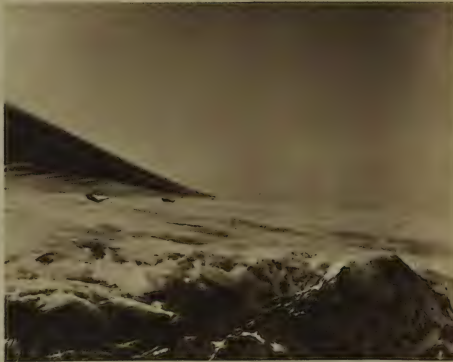
(Continued.)

and intensively interesting piece of air was pioneered. Mr. Wills (who is Chairman of Messrs. Fowle Reid and Wills Ltd. and of the British Gliding Association) was spending a Christmas holiday, during a business trip to Australasia, with his relatives in the Mackenzie country, in the South Island of New Zealand, and at the same time the Canterbury Gliding Club was holding their Christmas camp at Simons Hill near by. Three years ago, Mr. Wills had sold his Weibe sailplane to Mr. Dick Georgeron, a distant relative, who lives in Christchurch, so during his holiday he was given the opportunity to fly it again. He found the air over the Mackenzie Basin—an oval plain of tussock grass surrounded almost completely by a ring of mountains peaking up to the 12,440 ft. of Mount Cook in the north-west corner—full of the most extraordinary tricks; in fact Mr. Wills believes an expedition of meteorologists to this region might produce important scientific results. On December 29 there

(Continued below, centre.)



AFTER THE TAKE-OFF: APPROACHING THE MOUNT COOK RANGE FROM THE MACKENZIE RIVER, A REGION FULL OF STRANGE METEOROLOGICAL TRICKS.



REACHING THE CLOUD-CAPPED MOUNTAINS: MOUNT COOK IS IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER, WITH THE HOOKER GLACIER ON ITS LEFT.



GLIDING OVER THE FOOTHILLS: AT THIS POINT MR. WILLS COULD SEE THE RANGE BELOW HIM—MOUNT SEPTON (A), MOUNT LA PEROUSE (B), THE TOWERING BULK OF MOUNT COOK (C), MOUNT TASMAN (D), THE HOOKER VALLEY (E), THE TASMAN GLACIER (F), AND THE LONG MURCHISON VALLEY (G).



MOUNT COOK (12,440 FT.), TO THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE, SEEMS TO SHOULDER AWAY THE CLOUDS SURROUNDING IT AND CAPPING THE LESSER PEAKS.

(Continued.)

were none of the usual indications of big lift in the sky, such as cumulus or lenticular clouds, and Mr. Wills took off expecting a short flight of a few minutes' duration. Thus he was not dressed for height, wearing only an open-necked cotton shirt, grey flannels and a sports jacket, and when he encountered the big wave which he tracked down to the lee of Mount Cook, 45 miles north of his take-off point, it was the cold which eventually caused him to break off his flight and land back at base after 3½ hours in the air. An outside temperature of around 70 degs. F.

(Continued opposite.)



TWO MILES FROM MOUNT COOK: THE WATERFALL EFFECT OF CLOUDS GAVE THE FIRST INDICATION OF THE BIG AIR WAVE ENCOUNTERED HERE.

(Continued.)

of frost caused the plastic cockpit cover of his machine to start cracking, and if it had disintegrated, there was no possible way by which he could have reached the ground again before freezing to death; even if he had baled out at the altitude of 30,000 ft., this would have meant abandoning his oxygen supply, with almost immediate loss of consciousness. Accordingly, he decided to leave the upcurrent, thereby missing achieving the world gain-of-height record by about 3000 ft. It can, however, safely be maintained that no one has ever before been so high with so little on!



BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF: MR. WILLS TOOK THE BORROWED WEIBE SAILPLANE SO HIGH THAT THE PLASTIC COCKPIT COVER BEGAN CRACKING DANGEROUSLY FROM FROST, THREATENING ITS COMPLETE DESTRUCTION.



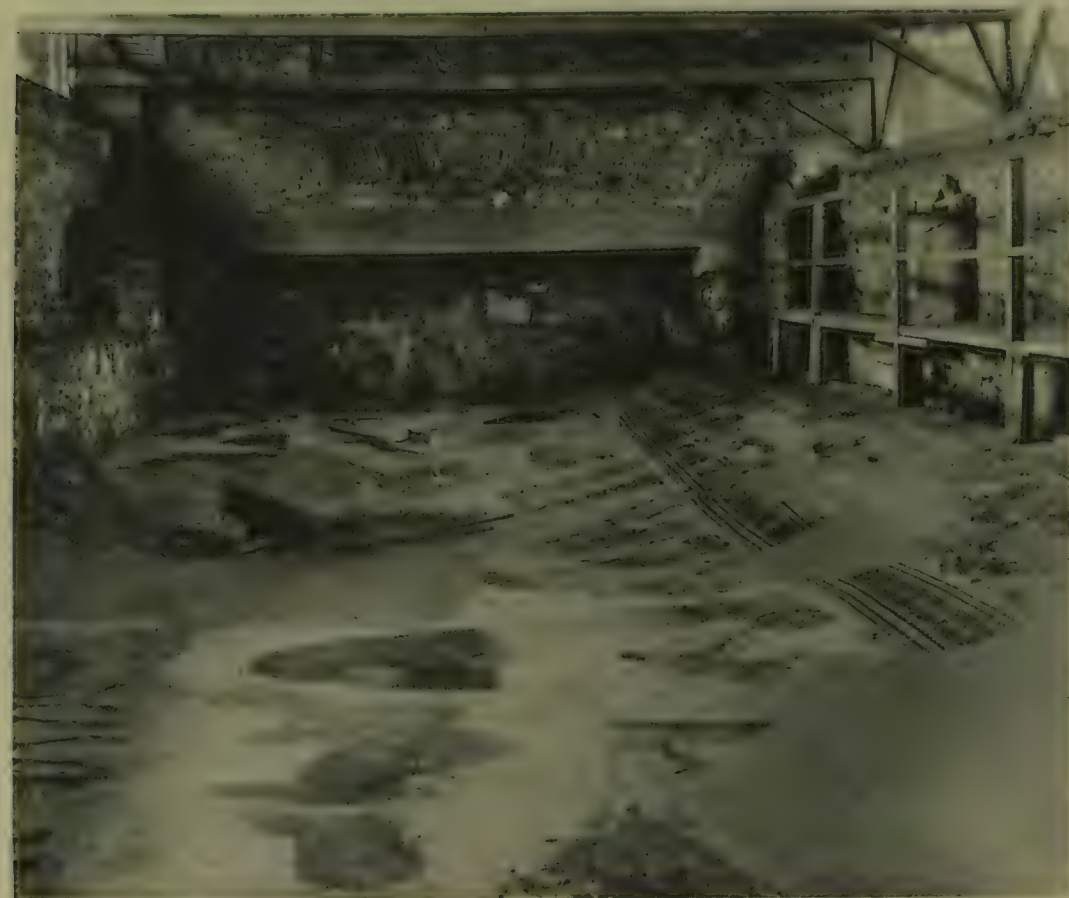
TWENTY THOUSAND FEET UP AND GROWING COLD: BENEATH THE WING OF THE SAILPLANE THE CLOUD SHEET CASCADES OVER THE PEAKS LIKE A WATERFALL.



THIRTY THOUSAND FEET UP WITH NEARLY 70 DEGS. OF FROST: IF THE COCKPIT COVER DISINTEGRATES NOW, THE PILOT WILL FREEZE TO DEATH.



MOSAICS OF THE GREAT PALACE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS: LAST FINDS.



PART OF THE MOSAIC FLOOR OF THE GREAT PALACE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE, WHICH HAS BEEN LEFT *IN SITU* AND ROOFED OVER. THE UNEVENNESS IS DUE TO SUBSIDENCE.



A CHARMING NATURALISTIC DETAIL OF THE UPPER PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: THE TWO BOYS RIDING THE CAMEL.



A SECTION OF THE FLOOR, SHOWING A HOUSE, IN BRILLIANT COLOUR, FROM WHOSE TWO ARCHES WATER GUSHES OUT. THIS PROBABLY REPRESENTS A WATER-MILL.

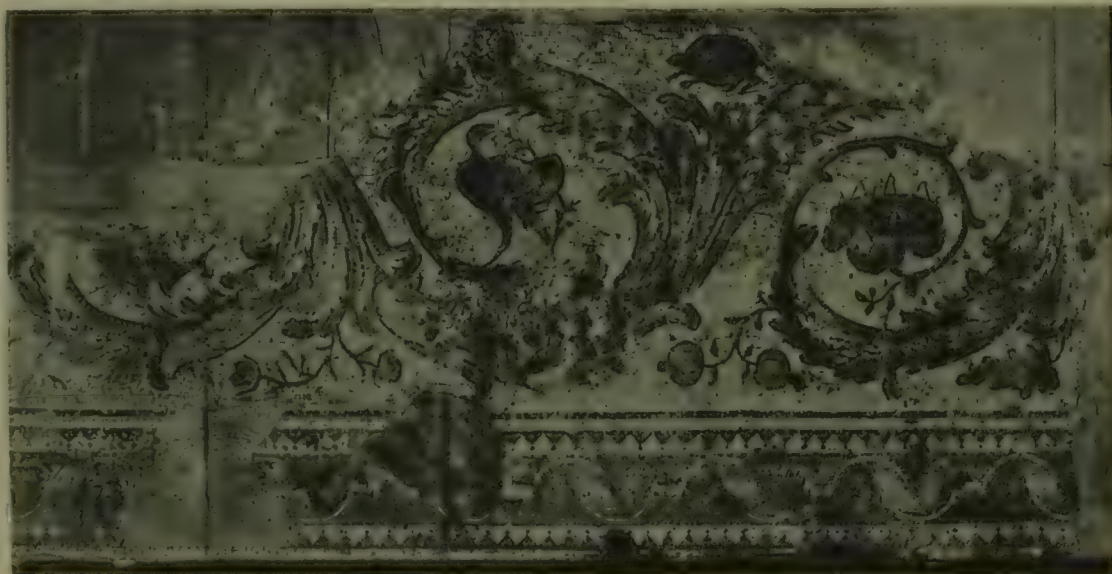


A HUNTER WITH SHIELD AND SPEAR, FOUND NEAR THE CAMEL. A MOUNTED HUNTSMAN WAS ALSO FOUND. BOTH ARE OF A TYPE FOUND ALSO AT ANTIOCH AND APAMEA, IN SYRIA.

The post-war (and earlier) discoveries of the mosaics in the Great Palace of the Byzantine Emperors at Istanbul have been reported and illustrated on several occasions in *"The Illustrated London News"*—in our issues of May 24, 1947, and December 12, 1952, and also, in colour, in our 1947 Christmas Number. The excavations have now been closed; and concerning the latest discoveries, some of which we illustrate on this and the opposite page, Dr. D. TALBOT RICE, F.S.A., writes:

THE important discoveries made by the Walker Trust of St. Andrews on the site of the Great Palace of the Byzantine Emperors at Constantinople have already been reported in *The Illustrated London News* on several occasions. During the seasons of 1953 and 1954 further portions of the great mosaic floor were laid bare; they included a number of unusual and interesting scenes, some of which are reproduced in the accompanying figures. The newly-discovered section of the floor lay below a street, the Torun Sokak, and it was therefore removed in sections; it has now been reconstituted in one of the arcades of early Turkish date that cover a portion of the [Continued on opposite page.]

(RIGHT.) PART OF THE INNER BORDER OF THE MOSAIC: EACH OF THE LARGE SCROLLS SURROUNDS A DIFFERENT SUBJECT; AND THE SMALL SPACES CONTAIN FRUIT, FLOWERS OR SMALL ANIMALS, LIKE THE TORTOISE SHOWN.





## CHEERFUL BYZANTINE MOSAICS: THE CAMEL BOYS, AND THE WICKED MULE.



RECENTLY UNCOVERED IN THE REMAINS OF THE GREAT PALACE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE; AND LIFTED FOR PRESERVATION: A DELIGHTFUL SECTION OF MOSAIC, SHOWING A MAN IN CLASSICAL COSTUME LEADING A CAMEL ON WHICH ARE RIDING TWO BOYS, ONE OF WHOM CARRIES A BIRD.



A BRILLIANT, HUMOROUS AND MOST UNUSUAL MOSAIC SUBJECT, RECENTLY UNCOVERED AND LIFTED: A MULE SUCCESSFULLY KICKS OFF ITS RIDER AND AT THE SAME TIME GETS RID OF THE BUNDLES OF STICKS IT HAD BEEN CARRYING. THE EXPRESSION IN THE MULE'S EYE IS PORTRAYED WITH ACCURACY AND SOME SYMPATHY.

*Continued from previous page.*

site, and which are now being used as a sort of "mosaic museum." The main area of the floor, on the other hand, has now been roofed over, and is thus preserved *in situ*. In addition to the work of uncovering these further sections of the floor, excavations were also carried out to the south-east, where the great substructures which had been encountered the previous season were further examined. Notably a deep excavation from the present surface to natural soil was made: the hole is some 60 ft. deep. Unfortunately, owing to repeated soil

disturbances in comparatively recent times, little stratigraphical evidence was forthcoming. But a careful study of the building itself disclosed that it has been reconstructed on at least five separate occasions, and it should be possible to work out an adequate sequence dating for these. All that it is possible to do on the site without the destruction of existing buildings and the closing of streets has now been done, and excavations have for the time being been terminated. It is hoped that a final publication of the results will be ready for press in the near future.





A CENTURY ago the T'ang Dynasty in China (618-906 A.D.) was as legendary a period in Western eyes as the reign of King Arthur. Fifty years ago scholars were beginning to realize that

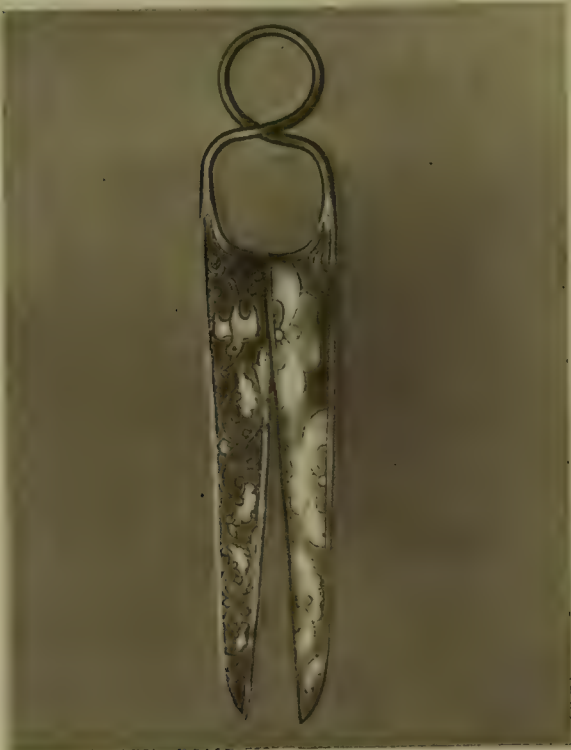


FIG. 1. A PAIR OF SILVER SCISSORS, THE BLADES FLAT ON ONE SIDE AND SLIGHTLY CONVEX ON THE OTHER. (Length 5.4 ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Gure.)

The flat sides of these silver scissors are decorated with a bird and foliage on a punched ground, the convex sides with palm-trees on a similar ground.

evidence existed, other than literary, which proved that legend rested upon solid foundations. To-day an exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square, organized by The Oriental Ceramic Society, and consisting of 400 or so pieces belonging to its members, presents the public with a wonderful picture of that powerful and vanished civilization.

The Dynasty began and ended in the usual fashion—that is, with a blood bath; but while it lasted, it established a *pax sinica* over a vast area, produced some classic poetry and painting, and buried in its tombs some of the finest, many of the most amusing, and a few of the clumsiest ceramics known to man. These last—and there are not many—would have received a special award at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and I mention them here in the hope that the young and innocent enquirer will realize early in his career that a vase is not a thing of beauty because it is a thousand years old, but for quite other reasons. In short, some of these early potters were as heavy-handed, as clumsy and as obtuse as some of our own. None the less, brushing aside these few monumental horrors as of purely archaeological and technical interest, what remains is gay, comely and, as often as not, witty. You have the impression that the men of T'ang enjoyed nothing so much as a good funeral, a peculiar pleasure they shared with many other people.

It was never unusual to bury with a defunct grandee representations of the world of the senses to comfort him in the Shades, but if we compare Chinese customs of these three centuries with those of the ancient Egyptians it becomes abundantly clear that whereas the latter were obsessed by theological dogma, the former were content with the good things of this

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE ARTS OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

earth. Never was mortal man laid to his last rest accompanied by so cheerful a retinue of figurines—by his household bands (young women playing various instruments), by his grooms, with their horses and camels, by a multitude of women attendants, graceful in the long-sleeved robes of the period. If the humans possess charm, the animals have something more—character, by which I mean that the modellers possessed the uncanny gift of seizing upon a particular movement or attitude, omitting unnecessary detail, and presenting us with a creature who is sometimes sculpturally superb (as a bronze by Verrocchio is superb) and sometimes unaffectedly natural (as is the horse caught, as it were, nibbling his off fore-leg).

The colours on the unglazed tomb figures have, of course, suffered a good deal from long burial, while the glazed pieces are mostly intact and display a great range of tones, from brown and yellow to a green very like the green of mid-eighteenth-century Staffordshire and a fine, deep blue. But the tomb figures, though, I imagine, the most popular objects in the exhibition—indeed, they are far more fascinating than anything that ever came out of Egypt, to my mind—are actually not much more than funeral furniture, provided as a matter of course by high-class—very high-class—morticians: they were made from earth to be buried in the earth—you did not place them in your dining-room while you were alive. Incidentally, they are easily imitated—that is, the rough unglazed pottery figures—and there must by now be hundreds scattered about the world masquerading as originals.

The vases and bowls, whether of pottery or porcelain, though nearly all found in tombs, would seem to be in rather a different category—that is, objects made for use by the living, not merely for the dead. It is here, I think, that the average visitor will find himself first puzzled and then delighted, for, unless he has kept a very close watch upon the research which has been carried out in this field during recent years, he will have had little inkling of the range and quality of the development of the craft of the potter during this early period. For example, many celadon pieces which a few years ago would have been dated vaguely as belonging to the Sung Dynasty (960-1279 A.D.) can now be placed with reasonable confidence two or three centuries earlier. The story of this research is lengthy and exciting, and some of the evidence comes from as far away as Mesopotamia, where the Caliph Harun al-Rashid was no stranger to Chinese porcelain importations, and this date was 786-809. Then fragments of porcelain and pottery, both splashed and white ware, have been found at various places, and—this is the point—in levels earlier than the year 900.

rare pieces which exist are of small size; nothing can be more delightful than the few to be seen here, with flowering designs, clearly Persian in style, engraved on a background of beaten metal—vine scrolls, hunting scenes, and so forth. It is not without interest to note that the T'ang craftsman employed the device of the "flying gallop"—the horse spread-eagled, with all four feet off the ground to indicate speed—that same convention which was beloved of both the Greeks and our own sporting painters of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—men like Seymour and Herring—



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH A PROCESSION COMPRISING LADIES ON FOOT AND HORSEBACK, A CAMEL, AN OX-CART AND ATTENDANTS: A GLOBULAR SILVER VESSEL, WITH SWING HANDLES. T'ANG DYNASTY OR EARLIER. (Height 6 ins.) (Mrs. Walter Sedgwick.)

"This vessel is only 6 ins. in height... but a fit subject for an ode by a modern Keats, or, now I come to think of it, a basis for a delicately romantic short story, though who could do it justice but Boccaccio..."

until the camera revealed how horses did, in fact, gallop. On one simple little globular vessel (Fig. 2) there is a charming procession: a woman on a horse preceded by four women musicians and followed by four more women and two dogs, one of them led on a leash. Following are three men, one in charge of a bullock cart, and, last of all, a man leading a camel. The vessel is only 6 ins. in height, next to impossible to reproduce in a photograph, but a fit subject for an ode by a modern Keats, or, now I come to think of it, a basis for a delicately romantic short story, though who could do it justice but Boccaccio I can't imagine.

There is a pair of scissors (Fig. 1) plated with gold, exquisite work which has to be seen to be believed, and three examples of a purely Chinese technique in which their sheets of gold and silver were first cut out to the shape required and engraved, and then set in a lacquer bed while the lacquer was still soft: after it had dried hard, it was rubbed down flush with the metal.

Returning to the ceramics once more, you may have some difficulty in deciding which to admire most—the austere white porcelain of the simplest kind turned on the wheel, or the sturdy stoneware pots and jars, with a grey body covered with dark brown or black glazes, with greyish splashes merging into dull blue or lavender. Beside these the pieces which have been moulded and which generally betray a Near-Eastern influence appear as tiresome and as banal as the worst kind of Staffordshire teapot—and can I be more offensive than that? This most beautiful stimulating show closes on March 30; you have been warned.



FIG. 3. INSET WITH A REPOUSSÉ GOLD PLAQUE IN A DESIGN OF SIX BIRDS SEPARATED BY FLORAL SPRAYS: A HEXAGONAL BRONZE MIRROR. (Diam. 3.7 ins.) (Mr. G. de Menasse.)

The bronze mirrors of the T'ang Dynasty were either made of bronze alone, or decorated with gold or silver. The method of decoration followed in the example illustrated was that of pressing or beating thin sheets of gold or silver over the cast bronze design.

It was by no means a one-way traffic only. "By the second half of the sixth century Sassanian motives were being copied in Chinese stoneware, and for the eighth century the forms of vanished Sassanian silverware are preserved for our present enjoyment in the glazed pottery tombwares of the T'ang." The Arab conquest of Persia in the seventh century scattered many refugees to the East from whom the Chinese learnt much, especially in metal-work. Neither gold nor silver was plentiful in ancient China, and the



FIG. 4. OF PALE-GREEN JADE WITH TRACES OF BURIAL PIGMENTATION: A HEAD-DRESS ORNAMENT IN THE FORM OF A BIRD. (Length 2.3 ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Gure.)

As no T'ang jade carvings have been recovered by controlled excavation nor found associated with indisputably T'ang material, attributions to the period have been made on the basis of analogy of style. Clues are sometimes afforded by detail of costume. The head-dress of a pottery figure of the period carries an ornament very similar to the jade bird illustrated.



THE WORST ISRAEL-EGYPT CLASH SINCE THE ARMISTICE: SCENES OF THE GAZA INCIDENT.



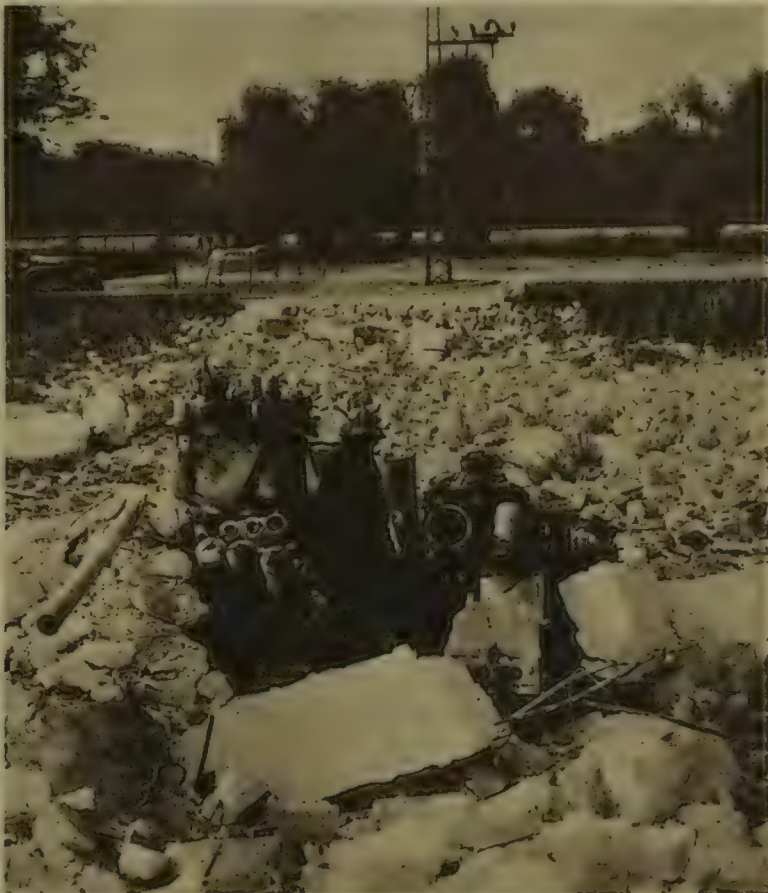
THE EGYPTIAN ARMY TRUCK WHICH, IN THE COURSE OF THE GAZA INCIDENT, WAS MINED AND AMBUSHED BY ISRAELI SOLDIERS, WITH HEAVY EGYPTIAN CASUALTIES.



AN EGYPTIAN SOLDIER POINTING TO THE CAB OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY TRUCK IN WHICH AN OFFICER AND THIRTY-FIVE OTHER RANKS WERE AMBUSHED BY ISRAELI FORCES.



U.N. OBSERVERS AND PRESS CORRESPONDENTS AT THE SITE OF THE GAZA FIGHTING: (CENTRE, HANDS ON HIPS) GENERAL BURNS, THE CANADIAN CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE SUPERVISION ORGANISATION.



THE REMAINS OF AN EGYPTIAN WATER-PUMPING STATION NEAR GAZA, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE INSTALLATIONS DESTROYED BY THE ISRAELIS DURING THE COURSE OF THE RAID ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 28/MARCH 1.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EGYPTIAN CAMP, ABOUT A MILE AND A QUARTER NORTH-EAST OF GAZA, WHICH WAS DESTROYED IN THE COURSE OF AN ATTACK BY ISRAELIS.



A BURNT-OUT JEEP AND A GROUP OF WRECKED BUILDINGS: ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY CAMP AFTER THE NIGHT ATTACK BY ISRAELI TROOPS.

On the night of February 28/March 1, an Israeli armed force—stated by the Egyptians to be about two platoons in strength—crossed the Israel-Egypt border and attacked an Egyptian Army camp about 1½ miles north-east of Gaza, using mortar bombs, Bangalore torpedoes, automatic fire and high explosives, blowing up a number of buildings, including a water-pumping station, and attacking the Gaza station-master's house. Another Israeli unit meanwhile advanced to a point on the Rafaa-Gaza highway and ambushed an Egyptian Army lorry carrying an officer and thirty-five other ranks, who were coming as reinforcements to the camp; and inflicted heavy casualties. Egyptian casualties were given as 1 officer, 35 other ranks and 2 civilians killed; 29 soldiers and 2 civilians injured. Israeli

casualties were given as 8 killed and 13 wounded. On March 2, many of the 200,000 Arab refugees in the Gaza neighbourhood rioted in protest and sacked and looted U.N. relief stores, and were fired on by Egyptian troops and police. Egypt raised a complaint before the Security Council of the United Nations; and the Security Council, meeting on March 4, decided to withhold judgment on the Egyptian and Israeli charges and counter-charges until it had heard the full facts from General Burns, the Canadian Chief of Staff of the Palestine Supervision Organisation. On March 6 the Egyptian-Israeli Mixed Armistice Commission, which has a French chairman, condemned Israel for the attack and rejected the Israel claim that the incident sprang from an earlier Egyptian ambush.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## NEPETA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A FEW years ago, gentle, conservative, peace-loving gardeners—those of us who read our gardening papers with proper care and attention—received a nasty jolt. A botanical bomb-shell suddenly landed in our midst, lobbed in by some savant—whose name I forget. It was announced that the catmint, which we had always known and grown as *Nepeta mussinii*, is not *Nepeta mussinii* at all, but a hybrid, a bastard of uncertain parentage, whose correct name is *Nepeta x faassenii*. There is a certain faassenii-ation about that triple duplication of letters which should make the name



A GOOD COLOUR-NEIGHBOUR FOR *NEPETA MUSSINII*: *LAVATERA* "LOVELINESS." "IT IS A MAGNIFICENT ANNUAL IN ITS OWN RIGHT, WITH ITS PROFUSION AND LONG SUCCESSION OF BIG, SILKEN FLOWERS IN PUREST ROSE-PINK." [Photographs by J. E. Downward.]

easy to Pelmanise. Otherwise, it leaves me cold—except under the collar.

The popular old catmint which we have always known as *Nepeta mussinii*—and with few exceptions still do—is assumed in savantic circles to have resulted from goings-on between the true *N. mussinii* and *Nepeta nepetella*. I gather that the true *Nepeta mussinii*, which comes from Persia and the Caucasus, is "a less desirable plant for gardens" than its bastard offspring. Of the other supposed parent, I can find no description. What a pest these pushers-around of plant names are; popular, well-tried names of long-standing and universal usage. Honest fellows, these pushers-around; honest, learned, logical, well-meaning, and doubtless leading otherwise blameless lives. In theory-on-ice, I can not but agree with them. In practice, I deplore them.

However, this particular botanical bomb-shell seems to have made about as much stir in gardening circles as a cream bun tossed on to a feather-bed. I have yet to find "*Nepeta x faassenii*" listed in any nursery catalogue, or mentioned in any gardening article, and I have a feeling that in this matter of "catmint, *Nepeta mussinii*" gardeners will remain botanical law-breakers for a very long time indeed. For the purposes of this article, at any rate, I shall continue to call it "*mussinii*."

The immense popularity of *Nepeta mussinii* is, I think, a fairly recent development. In my copy of Robinson's "English Flower Garden" 1899, two species are mentioned. *N. macrantha* is described as having "rather showy, purple flowers, but is too tall and coarse for the border." *N. mussinii* is described:—"An old garden plant, flourishing in ordinary garden soil, and was once used a good deal for edgings to borders, a purpose for which its compact growth suits it well; but none of these plants are among the best perennials."

Few lovers of hardy plants would agree to-day with such faint praise or mild damning as that. *Nepeta mussinii* is an extremely beautiful and valuable plant, not only for making "edgings to borders," but for making great pools of grey-green foliage and lavender-blue blossom in the herbaceous and the mixed flower border, pools which remain in beauty from early summer till autumn.

But apart from plantings of *Nepeta* in the herbaceous border, there is another use to which I quite often put it in the days when I called myself a garden consultant, and tried to "make dull gardens interesting and ugly gardens beautiful." It was quite extraordinary how often I found relics of foolish, thoughtless "landscape gardening" in the shape of steep turf banks bordering lawns, so steep that mowing them with the lawn-mower demanded, of the unfortunate gardener, the attributes of an acrobat, a mountaineer and a mule. Always I insisted on eliminating this futile, fruitless labour by one means or another. One excellent and obvious solution was to dig in the turf and make a very simple rock-garden-bank, planted with masses of easy, showy rock plants, such as rock roses, yellow alyssums, aubrietias, etc. Some folk, however, disliked anything in the nature of a rock garden, though they were quite happy with a dry wall, planted with exactly the same rock plants. Too often, however, the cost of rocks, or of walling-stone, was more than could be afforded, in which case I would resort to *Nepeta*. Having dug in the turf, it was a simple and quite inexpensive matter to plant the whole bank with *Nepeta mussinii*, which made a most effective all-summer sea of soft colour. The introduction of a certain amount of rose-pink among the lavender-blue of the catmint can be very effective, and for this I would inter-plant with a few monthly or China roses. For spring one could plant bulbs between the catmint. Another pleasant colour effect may be had by planting a few specimens of the rose-pink *Lavatera olbia* to rise out of a sea of the lavender-blue *Nepeta*, or a sprinkling of the annual *Lavatera trimestris* "Loveliness" can be even more beautiful, either in massed planting on a bank, or in the mixed flower border. The natural inclination of most tidy gardeners is to cut back all the spent flower stems of the catmint at the end of the flowering season. In the long run, however, it is safest to leave this somewhat untidy growth to be cut back and cleared away in spring. It acts as a protection and a frost-break in the event of an exceptionally hard winter and on heavy soil. Although *Nepeta mussinii* is fairly classed as a hardy herbaceous perennial, I have more than once known whole batches of it to be killed in winter, and always it was when the spent stems had been cut hard back in autumn, though this would be unlikely to happen on a warm, light soil

and in a mild neighbourhood.

Several other species and varieties of *Nepeta* have come my way at one time and another. I gave them all a fair trial, and grew them for a while, but with one exception they passed on, almost unnoticed, and certainly unmourned.

The exception was a species of which I acquired a fine stock. It came to me without name, and provisionally I gave it the fancy name "*Nepeta Six Hills Giant*," and from my Six Hills Nursery (now no more) I launched it.

In effect, "*Six Hills Giant*" was a 3- to 4-ft. edition of the old *Nepeta mussinii*, stiffer, and more erect in habit, and growing to a height of 3 to 4 ft. It at once became a popular plant; in fact, a best-seller—a fine thing for the middle or the back of the flower border. Obviously it was a distinct species with a proper botanical name, and not just a garden variety. In fact, someone told me at the time what its botanical name was, but by then "*Six Hills Giant*" had caught on, and as a nurseryman, and not a botanist, I left it at that. I still meet this good plant in gardens, and find it listed in most herbaceous plant



"GREAT POOLS OF GREY-GREEN FOLIAGE AND LAVENDER-BLUE BLOSSOM . . . WHICH REMAIN IN BEAUTY FROM EARLY SUMMER TILL AUTUMN": A GENEROUS PLANTING OF *NEPETA MUSSINII*, IN THE SAVILL GARDEN IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

catalogues. But I can not find the name "*Six Hills Giant*" in the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening." Nor can I find any *Nepeta* given there—under botanical name—whose description seems to fit my plant for certain.

I mentioned *Lavatera* "Loveliness" as a good colour-neighbour for *Nepeta mussinii*. Apart from that, it is a magnificent annual in its own right, with its profusion and long succession of big, silken flowers in purest rose-pink. A splendid sight in the border and well worth growing as a cut-flower. The snow-white variety is almost equally lovely, though I would always grow a majority of the pink, with just a few of the white for contrast. It is best to sow the seeds where they are to flower and thin-out severely, remembering that given room it makes a plant 2 or 3 ft. high and a couple of feet through.

### AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

To have a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" sent each week to friends, whether they live at home or abroad, will be an act of kindness much appreciated by them. Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any bookstall manager or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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# AT HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



**THE START OF THE ENGLISH CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP AT CARDINGTON: D. A. G. PIRIE WON HIS THIRD SUCCESSIVE VICTORY AFTER FINISHING THE COURSE BAREFOOTED.**

The English Cross-Country Championships, held at Cardington, near Bedford, on March 5, resulted in a triumph for D. A. G. Pirie and for his club, South London Harriers, who won the Senior, Junior and Youths' titles—the first time that any club has ever accomplished the feat. In spite of impressive competition,

Pirie won by 200 yards after leading for most of the distance. With three miles to go, he lost one of his shoes in a ploughed field, and, discarding the other, he completed the course barefooted. W. P. Ranger (Eastbourne R.A.C.) and K. L. Norris (Thames Valley Harriers) finished second and third.



**A SEAPLANE TAKING ON FUEL SUPPLIES FROM A SUBMARINE: AN UNUSUAL INCIDENT DURING UNITED STATES NAVY MANOEUVRES IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA.**

This unusual experiment during the United States Navy manoeuvres in the Caribbean Sea, was conducted by the Atlantic Fleet's submarine force, and involved the refuelling, while at sea, of a twin-engine Martin Marlin petrol seaplane from the tanker-submarine *Guavina*.



**THE STERN HALF OF A LIBERIAN SHIP LEAVES BELFAST FOR ANTWERP: THE TANKER *WORLD CONCORD*, BROKEN IN TWO DURING A STORM, TO BE RE-JOINED.**

The famous deep-sea tug *Turmoil*, with another tug, was engaged to tow the stern half of the Liberian tanker, *World Concord*, to Antwerp from Belfast. The fore-part later began its journey to Antwerp from the Clyde. The two parts, separated during a storm, are to be re-joined.



**TO BE ERECTED IN A CAIRO SQUARE: THE 70-TON STATUE OF RAMESSES II. PASSING THE GIZA PYRAMIDS ON ITS JOURNEY FROM SAKKARA.**

A special trailer, loaned to the Cairo Municipality by the British Military Authorities in the Canal Zone, was used to move the 70-ton statue of Rameses II. from its site near the old capital of Memphis, where it has rested for more than 3000 years, to the square outside Cairo's main station, where it is to be erected.



**THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S VERTICAL TAKE-OFF 'PLANE IS EASED INTO ITS TENT-SHAPED HANGAR: THIS HANGAR OPENS LIKE A GIANT SHELL.**

The United States Navy's vertical take-off 'plane, *Convair XFY-1*, is seen in the photograph above in a revolutionary type of hangar at San Diego, California. The triple deck-work platform allows easy access to any part of the aircraft inside.



**GUIDED MISSILES FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: THE EXPERIMENTAL GUIDED WEAPON SHIP,**

*GIRDLENESS*, WHICH WILL TEST BRITAIN'S NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT SEA DEFENCES. The Royal Navy still has a vital rôle to play in combating the threat of nuclear weapons. Plans for re-equipping the Navy to defend itself against this new form of attack will find expression in next year's sea tests by the experimental ship *Girdleness*. From these, valuable experience will be gained for future construction programmes.



**UNITY AT THE S.E.A.T.O. CONFERENCE: MILITARY, NAVAL AND AIR FORCE CAPS LEFT BY SERVICE ADVISERS TO THE CONFERENCE MAY PERHAPS SYMBOLISE THE CLOSE AGREEMENT REACHED BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EIGHT NATIONS TAKING PART.**



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## PLAYING THE FOOL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE are some—but very few—moments in the theatre when I brace myself and murmur, "Bear up! It won't take long." The self-encouragement is admittedly thin: somewhere a dramatist is saying, in the manner of a dental surgeon, "It won't hurt." Then the drill is poised. It advances; all is lost.

The two moments I think of especially are Shakespearean. One is the blinding of Gloucester, with that unfortunate line, "Out, vile jelly!" The other is, surprisingly, the speech of Touchstone in which he nominates in order the "degrees of the lie." I call it surprising because for many people Touchstone, jester of Arden, is a household pet, a dear fellow, one of the funniest of clowns, a master of the drolls. But some of these people look at me oddly when I tell them that saffron cake is, of all cakes, the best. Touchstone to me is saffron to them.

I know that, here, I have academic opinion against me—all the lights. The clown's jests have been sifted in our studies and classrooms. He is as the Professors like it. I regret having to be picky; but in the theatre Touchstone has rarely been as I have liked him. I have remembered Malvolio's sour comment on Feste: "I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal."

Quite a lot of Shakespearean clowning is difficult to-day. The timber has shrunk and warped. Always I hope for a Touchstone who will prove me wrong, who will help to tie me into my sackcloth and to tilt the ashes. Certainly one gathered from the laughter at the Old Vic premiere of "As You Like It," that Paul Rogers was just the man, the winner. I would be the last to deny that Mr. Rogers, who can be high-tragic or pastoral-comical at will, was not putting up a very brave show as a white-faced, grey-ginger, enduring Touchstone, bored with the whole business (and especially with Arden), yet ready now and again to try a bit of mock-ventriloquising with his jester's bauble, or to keep an eye lifted for a trim figure in the so-rustic Audrey.

Mr. Rogers, then, is all he can be (we can vary the now-famous Muffin jingle) as "dear old Touchstone, playing the fool"; but the part obstinately will not come alive. That was why I was delighted and incredulous when, towards the end of the evening, I felt suddenly that we had jumped a page or so. We had. We had jumped the long argle-bargle about the "degrees of the lie." There are phrases in this passage

the Dukeries. It is Rosalind's play: Rosalind's, the girl devised "by heavenly synod," the girl so gloriously overwhelmed: "O, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal." I do not say that Virginia McKenna



"... YET READY NOW AND AGAIN TO TRY A BIT OF MOCK-VENTRILLOQUIISING WITH HIS JESTER'S BAUBLE": TOUCHSTONE (PAUL ROGERS—LEFT), WITH ROSALIND (VIRGINIA MCKENNA) AND ORLANDO (JOHN NEVILLE), IN A NEW PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT" (OLD VIC).

now lets us relish the sound of that speech. She may feel it; she does not pass it on. This Rosalind, indeed, looks better than she sounds—and she looks beautiful enough for any daydream: a flower in porcelain. She is certainly in love; she is tenderness itself, and her gaiety will grow with the season. If not the full Rosalind, she is at least a relative: Miss McKenna must adorn any stage.

So must Gwen Cherrell, so right and modest as Celia—very properly bowled over at the approach of the converted Oliver (something that producers do not always show). Eleanore Bryan's Phebe, inconstant minx, brings the girl up with a flash. These performances, and John Neville's Orlando—as well-spoken as we are likely to hear in Arden—are the pleasures of a revival that moves on amiably without touching our excitement to the quick. I may remember only a few things about it; but it is done without bother. Domenico Gnoli's wood-work is unobtrusively a heart-of-oak forest that might not have looked odd on Benson's stage. A weakness is a Jaques in whom Eric Porter does not seem interested. It is a tentative

handling of the part. Jaques needs more edge.

One cannot complain of the edge in Charles Gray's speaking of Duke Frederick: here is a cynical villain, if you like, and one is all the less persuaded when the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys springs in at the end to announce to the couples in Arden that Frederick has been converted "both from his enterprise and from the world" by a meeting with an Old Religious Man. That hermit is quite impossible, of course; but I would like very much to read a report of the conversation, the terms in which the Old Religious Man pleaded so successfully. I am sure that the scene would be more rewarding than Touchstone's high jinks. By the way, Mr. Helpmann has decided to name the messenger Rowland de Boys instead of Jaques de Boys. Agreed, it makes no difference, and in fact it avoids the usual clash with the melancholy Jaques; but I think, even so, that Mr. Helpmann ought to have some licence for his re-christening. Who performed the ceremony? Sir Oliver Martext?

There was much the same volume of noise at the end of "As You Like It" that there had been after "Wonderful Town" at the Princes. Both audiences were thoroughly happy, and said so at the pitch of their voices. The production of "Wonderful Town" is (in its own sphere) a more complete success. It is just a musical comedy and put on the stage with a carefree whoop. There is, I admit, one character who looks like turning into as much of a bore as Touchstone (Hazlitt's hand is heavy on my shoulder); luckily, the authors do not let him bound about too much. Nothing is wrong with the two sisters from Ohio who settle in Greenwich Village and conquer New York, just as one might storm London from Chelsea. Eileen (Shani Wallis has the blandness of a cream-jelly) is the obvious conqueror. Her sister Ruth does well enough on her own account, and it was quaint of anyone to assume that New York would not have capered off with her, in the person of Pat Kirkwood, the moment she was on view.

Miss Kirkwood, you will gather, is in fizzing form; the music (by Leonard Bernstein) goes round and round; and we leave the theatre, not exactly uplifted, but conscious at any rate that we have had a pleasant evening with a piece that does no more than play the fool—and plays it very well. (After all, it is founded on an expert piece of American comedy, "My Sister Eileen.")



"IT IS FOAMING NONSENSE, OFTEN NEAR-WITTY, AND WITH A RUN OF FEET-TAPPING TUNES": "WONDERFUL TOWN" (PRINCES), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE NEW AMERICAN MUSICAL WITH EILEEN (SHANI WALLIS—STANDING ON CHAIR); VALENTI (STANLEY ROBINSON—PLAYING CLARINET); AND RUTH (PAT KIRKWOOD) WITH ROBERT BAKER (DENNIS BOWEN—IN FOREGROUND).

that must stick in the mind (I have always liked the sound of "the Reproof Valiant"). Still, it is, everything considered, a sad clog on the action. Robert Helpmann, the Vic producer, must have felt as I do, for he has removed it painlessly. I hardly dare to write this for fear that evidence will be offered to show that I nodded off, and that Touchstone delivered his entire rigmarole, word for word without book. Never mind; I shall not blench. We Touchstone-haters are strong men.

Touchstone, mercifully, is not the whole of "As You Like It." He is only an incidental in the romantic daydream of



"THE CHAMPION CYCLIST ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE DAILY DISTRESS WANTS TO MEET THE DÉBUTANTE ON THE BACK PAGE, AND HAS TO JOURNEY THROUGH THE PAGES": "LOVE IS NEWS" (NEW WATERGATE), SHOWING SONYA CORDEAU AS "MAIDA VAILE," A T.V. PANELLIST, AND GRAHAM PAYN AS "JOHNNY WHEELRIGHT," THE CHAMPION CYCLIST.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WONDERFUL TOWN" (Princes).—The scene is the Greenwich Village area of New York, and most of the inhabitants are quite crazy in the tradition of modern musical comedy. It is foaming nonsense, often near-witty, and with a run of feet-tapping tunes. Pat Kirkwood and Shani Wallis (up from the country to take the town) will naturally take London as easily as Ruth and Eileen take New York, and that is really all there is to say. (February 23.)

"THE MAGIC FLUTE" (Sadler's Wells).—The magic of Mozart in an inventive production (George Devine's), conducted by Rudolf Schwarz, and sung with real appreciation. (February 24.)

"LOVE IS NEWS" (New Watergate).—The champion cyclist on the front page of the "Daily Distress" wants to meet the débutante on the back page, and has to journey through the pages of the paper to do it. Hence a revue (taken from the French) that proves to be a skit on Fleet Street, insufficiently barbed, but with the advantage of Norman Marshall's production. (February 28.)

"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Old Vic).—A competent revival: a Rosalind (Virginia McKenna) who is likely to flower with the season, a genuinely good Orlando (John Neville), a disappointing Jaques, and Paul Rogers rolling a rock uphill as Touchstone, and doing as well as possible in the circumstances. Robert Helpmann produces. (March 1.)

"Love Is News" (at the tiny New Watergate) is founded on a less expert French comedy, one by Louis Ducreux. It proves, in the care of Diana Morgan and Robert McDermot, to be a set of revue skits at the expense of the Press which, goodness knows, can do with satirising, but needs something less obvious than this. The best features are a needed parody of "Under Milk Wood" ("Over Whisky Hill"), and the production of Norman Marshall, who can do miracles with the least likely material. I wonder now if he has ever acted Touchstone?



# FROM THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE AVON, AND OTHER ANGLO-U.S. ITEMS.



OVER 2000 REASONS FOR THE PRICE OF A COLOUR TELEVISION SET: A U.S. HOUSEWIFE GAZING AT THE COMPONENTS OF A SET WITH A 21-IN. SCREEN.

This photograph of the 2076 parts which are comprised in an American 21-in.-screen colour television set explains, in some measure, why the sets still cost well over £300 each. A black-and-white television-set of the same size would have approximately one-third the number of components.



OVER ONE-AND-A-HALF TIMES THE LENGTH OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH: THE TOWBOAT AETNA LOUISVILLE PUSHING ITS RECORD TONNAGE.

On March 1 the towboat *Aetna Louisville* (background) passed under the Memphis-Arkansas bridge pushing thirteen barges with a 30,000-ton cargo—a tonnage record for the Mississippi. The barges were loaded with 8,400,000 gallons of petroleum.



MADE BY BRITAIN FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT: THE WORLD'S FASTEST CAMERA, WHICH MAKES AN EXPOSURE OF ONE-TENTH OF ONE-MILLIONTH OF A SECOND.

Winston Electronics Ltd. at Hampton Hill, Middlesex, have developed and built for the U.S. Government an electronic camera which takes six separate photographs in three-millionths of a second. The unit is in two parts—the camera and the power unit. This photograph shows the "camera" part with the photographic plate-holder (left) and the image converter tube.



CAUGHT WITHIN AN HOUR IN THE AVON AT WINKTON, CHRISTCHURCH: FOUR SALMON, THE LARGEST WEIGHING 30 LB., WITH MR. J. TIZARD, WHO CAUGHT THEM.

On February 24 Mr. J. Tizard, of Christchurch, Hampshire, who only started serious salmon-fishing this year, caught these four fine salmon, weighing (l. to r.) 18 lb., 30 lb., 29 lb. and 18 lb. Mr. Tizard caught them with a Devon spinner, using an 8 ft. 6 in. split cane rod, and a centre-pin reel. His line was monofilament nylon of 15 lb. breaking strain.



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE  
ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE: M. JEAN  
COCTEAU.**

M. Jean Cocteau, eternally young and unpredictable at sixty-three, was, on March 3, elected a member of the Académie Française. Poet, novelist, playwright and film scenario writer, his best-known works include "Opium," "Les Enfants Terribles," "Antigone," and "Les Parents Terribles."



**AGRICULTURIST AWARDED GOLD  
MEDAL: SIR JAMES SCOTT  
WATSON.**

It was announced by the Royal Agricultural Society on March 2 that their 1955 Gold Medal, awarded for distinguished services to agriculture, would be presented to Sir James Scott Watson, until last year the Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture. He has since become Editor of a new scientific journal, *The Agricultural Review*, which begins publication next June.



**PIONEER TEST PILOT DIES:  
CAPTAIN RONALD T. SHEPHERD.**  
Captain Shepherd, who was the first test pilot to be engaged by Rolls-Royce and the first man to handle in free flight that Company's vertical jet-lift machine, the "Flying Bedstead," died at his home at Nuthall, Nottinghamshire, on March 1, aged fifty-nine. He learned to fly in the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War, and was awarded the O.B.E. in 1946 for his work as a test pilot.



**RUSSIAN DELEGATE TO SECURITY  
COUNCIL: MR. A. A. SOBOLEV.**  
It was announced by the Tass Agency in Moscow on March 3 that Mr. Sobolev has been appointed Soviet permanent representative on the United Nations Security Council. Appointed deputy to Mr. Vyshinsky in September 1954, he has been acting-delegate since Mr. Vyshinsky's death last November. Before this new appointment he was Secretary-General in the Soviet Foreign Ministry.



**APPOINTED PERMANENT SECRETARY,  
MINISTRY OF PENSIONS:  
SIR ERIC BOWYER.**

On the retirement in April of Sir Geoffrey King, Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance, he will be succeeded by Sir Eric Bowyer. Sir Eric, who has held appointments in various Ministries, was Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Materials, until its recent amalgamation with the Board of Trade.



**THE NEW AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR:  
DR. JOHANNES SCHWARZENBERG.**

Dr. Schwarzenberg arrived in England on Feb. 28 to take up his appointment as the new Austrian Ambassador, in place of Dr. Lothar Wimmer, who is retiring. A former Ambassador to Rome, Dr. Schwarzenberg also served with the Austrian Peace Delegation in Paris after the war. He was for some years a member of the Red Cross organisation at Geneva. He is fifty-two years of age.



**THE QUEEN MOTHER ELECTED CHANCELLOR OF LONDON UNIVERSITY: HER MAJESTY  
AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE SENATE HOUSE ON MARCH 3.**

On March 3 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was elected Chancellor of London University in succession to the Earl of Athlone, who has resigned. Our group shows her Majesty, with (l. to r.) Sir Archibald Gray, Deputy Chairman of the Court; Professor H. R. Robinson, Vice-Chancellor; Dr. Percy Dunsheath, Chairman of Convocation; and Dr. Douglas W. Logan, the Principal.



**IRISH DRAMATIST'S NEW PLAY:  
MR. SEAN O'CASEY.**

The first performance of Mr. Sean O'Casey's new play, "The Bishop's Bonfire," was given at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, on Feb. 28, the first of his plays for many years to have a Dublin première. It was given a mixed reception by the first-night audience, presumably because of its anti-clerical bias. Mr. O'Casey, who was unable to attend the opening because of indifferent health, is seventy years of age.



**DEATH OF ACTRESS AT SEVENTY-SEVEN:  
MISS MARY JERROLD.**

One of the most active and charming of our older actresses, Miss Mary Jerrold, died in London on March 3, aged seventy-seven. Although she also appeared in films and on television, the stage was her real love, and in a career of nearly sixty years she rarely missed a performance. She was the widow of Mr. Hubert Harben, and mother of Mr. Philip Harben, the cookery demonstrator.



**REAPPEARANCE OF THE MISSING BRITISH ATOMIC SCIENTIST: DR. BRUNO PONTECORVO  
WITH HIS WIFE IN MOSCOW.**

Dr. Pontecorvo, the Harwell atomic scientist who went to Russia after vanishing from Britain in September 1950, made a surprise appearance before Western correspondents in Moscow on March 4. Claiming to have become a Soviet citizen in 1952, he denied that he is working on the military aspects of atomic power. He believed Soviet physicists held "the first place in the world."



**SOVIET GOVERNMENT CHANGES: THE APPOINTMENTS (LEFT TO RIGHT) OF MR. A. I. MIKOYAN,  
MR. M. G. PERVUKHIN AND MR. M. Z. SABUROV.**

A further stage in the eclipse of Mr. Malenkov was revealed on February 28 with the announcement from Moscow that three new First Deputy Prime Ministers had been appointed, to one of whom, Mr. M. Pervukhin (Minister of Power Stations), Mr. Malenkov is now directly subordinate. Mr. Mikoyan's promotion follows his resignation as Minister of Trade in January. The third Minister appointed, Mr. Saburov, has been responsible for economic planning in the Soviet Union.



**AWARDED THE CEREMONIAL SASH:  
SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER J. H. MITCHELL.**

At the passing-out parade for W.R.A.C. officer cadets at Huron Camp, Hindhead, General Sir Cameron G. G. Nicholson, Adjutant-General to the Forces, who carried out the inspection, presented Senior Under-Officer Jane Howard Mitchell with the ceremonial Sash and Certificate of Merit. She received these awards for being the most outstanding leader during the training course.



TWO STATE FUNERALS, AND ITEMS NAVAL, GENERAL, AND POLITICAL.



MILITARY HONOURS FOR THE LATE TURKISH AMBASSADOR: THE COFFIN OF MR. HUSEYIN RAGIP BAYDUR BEING CONVEYED ON A GUN-CARRIAGE THROUGH LONDON.

At the Queen's command State honours were given to Mr. Baydur, Turkish Ambassador in London since 1952, who died Feb. 26. On March 5 his coffin, on a gun-carriage, was drawn from the Turkish Embassy to the Knightsbridge Barracks, the bearer party being provided by the 1st Bn., Coldstream Guards, and the procession formed by one division Royal Horse Guards, one company 1st Bn., Scots Guards, the Regimental Band of the Irish Guards, and Drums and Pipes of the 1st Bn. Scots Guards.



THE STATE FUNERAL OF THE FRENCH POET, PAUL CLAUDEL: REPUBLICAN GUARDS, IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM, GUARDING THE CATAFALQUE BEFORE THE SERVICE.

On February 28 the State funeral of M. Paul Claudel took place at Notre Dame, in Paris, in the presence of the Papal Nuncio. Eight members of the Government were present, the Presidents of both Chambers and members of the Academy. The body was to rest in the Cathedral until its burial at Brangues.



A NEW PASSENGER SHIP WITH A BOW PROPELLER TO AID BERTHING: THE LAUNCHING OF THE PRINCESS OF VANCOUVER (7000 TONS).

The passenger and train or car ferry, *Princess of Vancouver*, built for the Canadian Pacific Railway, was launched on the Clyde on March 7. She entered the river carrying masts, funnel, lifeboats, and most of her machinery. The additional propeller, fitted at her bow, will help her to manoeuvre when berthing.



FOUR JAPANESE SOLDIERS, WHO HAD BEEN IN HIDING IN NEW GUINEA FOR TEN YEARS, AWAITING AN AIRCRAFT TO TAKE THEM TO WEWAK FOR REPATRIATION TO JAPAN.

In February, four soldiers of the Japanese Imperial Army who had been hiding in the jungles of New Guinea since 1944, gave themselves up to the Dutch authorities at Hollandia; and on February 24 were flown to Wewak, whence they would return to Japan by sea with a Japanese War Graves Commission.



THE TRUE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM FRIESE-GREENE, THE PIONEER OF CINEMATOGRAPHY, IDENTIFIED: THE GEORGIAN HOUSE IN COLLEGE STREET, BRISTOL.

It has been known that Friese-Greene was born at 69, College Street, Bristol; but recent research shows that, owing to two renumberings of the street, the present No. 69 is not the house, the actual birthplace being now No. 12, the Georgian house shown in our photograph. William Friese-Greene was born in September 1855 and died suddenly at a trade conference at the Connaught Rooms, in London, in May 1921.



THE JAPANESE ELECTIONS: PART OF A LARGE CROWD OUTSIDE A NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN TOKYO, WATCHING THE POSTING OF RESULTS OF THE ELECTIONS.

The final results of the Japanese elections which were announced on February 28 have revealed that the Democratic Party, a Conservative party led by Mr. Hatoyama, had gained the largest number of seats in the Diet with 185. The previous leaders, the Liberals of Mr. Yoshida, gained 112. The two Socialist Parties have 89 and 67 seats, Communists 2, and other parties and Independents 12.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### RETURN TO WOODPECKERS' DRUMMING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ON previous occasions when I have written about the drumming of woodpeckers, there has come in response a fair number of letters from readers, showing a lively interest in this particular subject. A percentage of these have shown some confusion on what actually constitutes drumming. Before dealing with further observations, it may be well, therefore, to draw a clear distinction between drumming and other activities of these birds, such as the use of the beak in feeding and nest-building.

The greater spotted woodpecker, the one which in this country is mostly heard drumming, feeds largely on insect grubs tunnelling in the wood of old trees. To reach a grub the woodpecker cuts a way into the wood with its beak, using it as an awl or chisel. It will strike with the point of the beak three or four times obliquely from the right, then give several blows obliquely from the left, or *vice versa*, after which a chip of wood comes away. So it goes on chiselling, from the right, from the left, sometimes straight forward, removing chip after chip to form a funnel-shaped depression in the wood. In nesting, a round hole is chiselled in the side of a tree. This is carried in for a distance of about 3 ins. From the end of this tunnel a cavity is excavated downwards, so that finally there is a more or less oval cavity, about a foot deep by 4 to 6 ins. diameter, leading to the exterior at the top of the cavity by a tunnel about 2 ins. diameter.

In the chiselling, for food or nesting, the blows from the beak are irregular in timing, and they are delivered with full force, the head being drawn back to its full extent and driven forward apparently with all the strength the bird can muster, with its body and tail braced against the trunk of the tree. The sounds of chiselling are like those of a pick being used on wood. In drumming, the head is vibrated rapidly, with the beak directed at the surface of the wood, for about a second, and the sound produced is like a short roll of a drum. The normal frequency is estimated at eight to ten blows a second, but may be as low as three to five, the strength diminishing after

the percussion of beak on wood. Even at close range, with binoculars, it was impossible to be sure whether the beak actually touched the wood or not. So it remained doubtful if the sound came from the vocal chords, with the head vibrating in sympathy, so to speak, or whether it was the result of an actual

slightly more sound than a single tap from the same pencil held at the same angle. Using an empty biscuit-tin as a resonator gives much the same result. Another test was to train my daughter in drumming on rotten and other branches with a pick-headed hammer, with a head having slightly larger proportions than those of a woodpecker's head. With me, the limit of audibility of the drumming she produced in this way was just

over 200 yards. The limit for single blows of the same hammer used with similar force was about the same, 200 yards. In most of these tests no attempt was made to give more force to the single taps than to the drumming. This was done deliberately, because it is possible that a blow with a sharp implement penetrating, however slightly, would thereby be muted. In some tests, however, an attempt was made to compare a blow given at right-angles to the surface, that is, to simulate the awl or pick effect. There was, even so, no noticeable difference in the carrying power, certainly nothing approaching the 1 to 20 ratio of a woodpecker's chiselling to his drumming. It seems to me that this difference between the carrying power of the single blow of the beak in chiselling and that of the drumming is crucial. Obviously, if the origin of the drumming is percussion purely, then a high order of resonance is being imparted to the blows, far more than should be expected from a rotten branch. The resonance may, indeed, be provided by the bird's own body, which, as in all birds, is filled with air-sacs leading from the lungs and, therefore, ultimately from the syrinx (the equivalent in birds of our larynx). If this is the source of the resonance, then we must pre-suppose some control by the bird of the syrinx and the air-sacs. In that event, the impact of the beak supplies the sound to be amplified. It

is even possible that the percussion is almost incidental or entirely so, the movement of the head and beak having no more relation to the drumming than the gestures of a *prima donna* have to the melody pouring from her throat.



SHOWING AMONG OTHER THINGS THE UNUSUAL SIZE OF THE HYOID BONE SUPPORTING THE MUSCLES OF THE TONGUE: AN EARLY ANATOMICAL DRAWING OF THE GREEN WOODPECKER FROM MACQVILLRAY'S "BRITISH BIRDS" (1840).

FOUND IN ASIA AND CONTINENTAL EUROPE: THE BLACK WOODPECKER (*Dryocopus martius*), WHICH IS BLACK ALL OVER SAVE FOR A RED CREST, AND IS ABOUT A FOOT IN LENGTH.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

drumming, with the beak hitting the wood and alone producing the sound. Majority opinion among ornithologists had hardened in favour of the latter, largely because it had been noticed that when drumming on wood a "wooden" sound was produced, but when drumming on the metal cap of, say, a wireless mast, a metallic sound was heard. In spite of this majority view, I found myself unconvinced of the wholly percussion source of the drumming, largely from observation of a tame woodpecker. I found that whatever kind of branch it was chiselling, whether sound or rotten, thick or thin, the sounds it made were inaudible to me beyond 60 ft., under conditions of complete quiet other than from the pecking.

I have checked this limit of audibility again and again for the greater spotted woodpecker in the wild, pecking at a variety of trees, on trees isolated in a field or deep in the heart of a wood, and always have found the limit to be 60 ft. On the other hand, the drumming can be audible up to a quarter of a mile, and in January of this year a single greater spotted woodpecker drumming solo in our woods—so that we were sure it was always the same bird—could be heard at a distance of well over a quarter of a mile (the trees being bare may have helped this). This disparity between 60 ft. for chiselling and a quarter-mile for drumming, if both were due to percussion, seems to me difficult to reconcile.

At about this time I had the good fortune to see Hr. Heinz Sielmann's film televised. In this were several close-up shots of drumming, as well as others of chiselling. From close observation of this film, the following may be set forth as undisputed fact, I think. First, there can be little doubt that the beak actually touches the wood. Secondly, there is no question that each of the blows delivered in the course of the drumming has much less force than any single blow delivered in chiselling. In drumming the head moves through an arc which is considerably less than that traversed in chiselling, yet the drumming has twenty times more carrying power than the chiselling. Are we then, in seeking to explain this difference, faced with a question of acoustics, or is it that the drumming is vocal, or, if percussion, assisted by the bird itself, with perhaps its own air-sacs acting as resonators?

I have tried to answer this by rule-of-thumb methods. Drumming with a pencil-point on a table produces



FOUND THROUGHOUT EUROPE AND SOUTH-WEST ASIA: THE GREEN WOODPECKER (*Picus viridis*), WHICH IS ABOUT 10 INS. LONG AND IS ONLY HEARD TO DRUM ON VERY RARE OCCASIONS. IT IS GREEN, WITH A YELLOW RUMP AND A RED CREST, ITS UNDERPARTS BEING WHITISH TINGED WITH GREEN.

Photograph by Eric Hosking.

the first or second blow, "when sounds run together and die out in a very short continuous vibration" [testes, "The Handbook of British Birds," page 285]. Most important, the drumming, which is heard only in the breeding season, does not make the chips fly.

For a long time there was considerable speculation whether the drumming was produced vocally or by



FOUND FROM WESTERN EUROPE TO JAPAN: THE GREATER SPOTTED WOODPECKER (*Dendrocopos major*), WHICH IS ALSO CALLED THE PIED WOODPECKER. IT IS UNDER 8 INS. LONG AND HAS BLACK AND WHITE PLUMAGE, A RED CREST AND A CRIMSON TINGE ON THE HINDER UNDERPARTS.

Photograph by Eric Hosking.

I have submitted the evidence to an expert on acoustics who, while regarding the problem as complicated, does not think my views impossible. Further, such a resonance provided by the cavity of the body would reflect the nature of the surface, giving a metallic sound for metal and a note varying according to the nature of the wood.





THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS: PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON, THE DISTINGUISHED ARCHITECT AND AUTHOR, AND DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE GEORGIAN GROUP.

Professor Albert Edward Richardson, who was elected President of the Royal Academy of Arts last December, in succession to Sir Gerald Kelly, is only the fourth architect to hold that important office. The first was James Wyatt (1805), architect of Fonthill Abbey, the second Sir Aston Webb (1919) and the third Sir Edwin Lutyens (1938). Professor Richardson is widely known as an architect and as a writer on architecture. His work in private practice (sometimes in collaboration with Mr. C. L. Gill) covers a wide field. Among his achievements are the Manchester Opera House, the Royal Pavilion at Ascot, the Jockey Club, Newmarket, and the façade of the Regent's Street Polytechnic, while he also did

important work in connection with the additions to University College, Gower Street. He is an enthusiast for the art and architecture of the Georgian Age, and is Deputy Chairman of the Georgian Group. Professor Richardson was born in 1880 and thus, at the age of seventy-four, will only hold the office of P.R.A. for one year, since the retiring age is seventy-five. He has been Professor of Architecture, Royal Academy Schools, since 1947, and was Professor of Architecture, London University (University College), 1919-46. He was awarded the Royal Gold Medal of the R.I.B.A. in 1947 and is a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. He was elected R.A. in 1944.

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# PENETRATING THE DARKNESS: WOODPECKERS AND THEIR NESTS REVEALED WITH INFRA-RED

In a television broadcast in January, Mr. Heinz Sielmann, of Munich, was Mr. Peter Scott's guest in a programme in which a film was shown which had caused a sensation at the 1954 International Ornithological Congress at Basle. This superb film showed how with enormous patience and skill, and by using infra-red light—a new technique—Mr. Sielmann succeeded in photographing the first days in the lives of baby woodpeckers—a seemingly impossible task, since these birds nest in darkness inside tree-trunks. Some highlights from this film have been recaptured by our artist, Neave Parker, and are shown on these pages. Dr. Maurice Burton writes:—"Out of the long sequence of thrilling events depicted, four stand out for particular comment. The first of these, the close-up shots of drumming

and of the chiselling of the nesting cavity, have been specially dealt with on the World of Science page in this issue. The second is the unexpected length of the tongue and the skill shown in searching with it for ants' eggs in the galleries in rotten wood. This can be portrayed in a 'still' picture, but the full effect can only be experienced by seeing the film itself. The other two are concerned with the disposal of the chips when enlarging the nesting cavity, and with the feeding of the young. Both raise nice points in behaviour. In the film we saw the woodpecker's head peering out of the nesting cavity, some 20 ft. up from the ground in the trunk of a tree. Its beak was filled with wood-chips. Stretching the head well clear of the entrance, the bird scattered the chips on to the wind. This, we were

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE

# PHOTOGRAPHY IN A SUPERB FILM FROM WHICH OUR ARTIST HAS RECAPTURED THESE HIGHLIGHTS.

told, was to ensure that the position of the nest should not be disclosed to an intruder or potential enemy. Now, any human being desirous of locating woodpeckers' nests in spring has one sure way to success—he looks at the foot of each tree for the tell-tale accumulations of chips. Whatever may be the purpose of this deliberate attempt at scattering the chips it never seems to achieve its object. Moreover, the chief enemies of woodpeckers are not human beings. They are squirrels and predatory birds, and it seems unlikely that they would go round looking for heaps of chips rather than, as indeed the film itself seemed to show, searching the trunk for the hole or watching the bird go to it. In the feeding behaviour there was another anomaly. All modern studies go to suggest that

BURTON AND BASED ON MR. SIELMANN'S FILM BY COURTESY OF HEINZ SIELMANN, F.W.U., MUNICH.

a nestling bird has an innate reaction to the parent alighting on the nest. It gapes upwards for the food, which the parent then pushes into its throat. In the several shots of feeding this is precisely how it happened. There was one occasion, however, when the female black woodpecker, returning to the nest with her beak full of food, gazed down on her brood fast asleep. She had to nudge the head of the nearest nestling with her beak before it would open its mouth. Certainly when it did gape its fellow-nestlings quickly copied its action, but it looked very much as if something had happened to that innate reaction. We could do with many more films of this kind. They might upset some of our cherished ideas, but they would be most enlightening."



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

"ROMANTIC" is a slippery notion to define; and in the old days, as a subject of discussion, it was very tiresome. Like those interminable wrangles about "imagination" and "fancy"... But if one could never use a word without being held up for the meaning of it, we should all be lamentably off. Whatever I mean by romantic, it seems quite clear that "*The Royal Hunt*," by Pierre Moinot (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), is a romantic novel.

And romantic in the grand style: full of antique and spacious echoes. Its theme is love and hunting in the Vosges. Up there, amid the sounds and silences of the great forest—gripped by its "ancient dread," its tense and incommunicable rapture—Philippe seems to have all he wants. At any rate, all that is possible. He has rejected love as a mirage; no human being can belong wholly to another, and short of that all is in vain. Whereas his male friendship with Henri, their bond of joint activities and hazards, is *à toute épreuve*.

And when Hélène crosses his path, it is at one of these tranced moments. He has been lying enthralled, watching a chestnut doe with a pink flower stuck to her muzzle. Something disturbs the beauty, and she trots away. ("Damn you for a perverse beast," thinks Philippe, overflowing with joy and tenderness, "for not being a buck like everyone else!...") And then he can hear something coming. It is something white. A few yards more, and "if he had known what it was he could have shot it." And then—to his astonishment—it is a girl in a white dress, leading a dog.

Henri knows all about the Servance family. Now there are only three of them, shut up in a huge house, like an "unstoppable old fortress," with a spectral passion. The men were ultra-masculine, more than life-size; and Marthe Goehrs was a raving beauty. So René Servance galloped off with her—galloped off literally, one wild night. He has been dead for seventeen years, and she is still adoring him: while his old sister manages Haudrenne, and this young girl roams in the forest. She detests hunting, and loves all victims of the chase. And though Philippe is haunted by her—by her narrow cheeks, her smile in solitude, and her long, narrow eyes—yet he insists that the impossible-beloved is not she, only a phantom in her likeness. With him, this phantom-visitant is an old story. Reality is the great buck on the Kommer, the menace of a gang of poachers—everything he can share with Henri. And these are half the theme; for all its glamour and sublimity, it is not vaporous. But every detail has romance: the dry leaf in the hide, the forest's swift change in the mating season, no less than the "hunt dinner" at Haudrenne—when it is resurrected for one evening, after seventeen years.

## OTHER FICTION.

Now for another loose expression: sentimental. "*A Grand Man*," by Catherine Cookson (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.), is, undeniably, a sentimental little story. By which, though I don't mean to scoff, I do mean it is touch and go. And whether its young heroine has just got by, or just failed to get by, must be a matter of opinion.

Mary Ann Shaughnessy is Tyneside Catholic: a doughty and imaginative little girl, given to "making on." That is to say, bragging about the Shaughnessys' fine house, and cars, and servants, and "galloping horses"... In graver mood, she will own up to this as "lying," and promise the Holy Family to leave off. But that "her da is a grand man" and that he "never drinks"—for these two propositions, she would die in torment. She even screws out an assent to them from Father Owen: though he well knows, and Mary Ann knows that he knows, that poor Mike Shaughnessy drinks like a fish.

Mike is a good chap, all the same. He would be all right on a farm, but that meant separation from his family. So he got work in Jarrow, and he drinks. A country cottage would solve everything; but on the other hand, if his adored wife leaves him he is finished. Now she is just about to leave—because the little boy can't stand it. And though a cottage has turned up at the eleventh hour, it is the property of a vindictive ex-employer, who wouldn't "give Mike breathing-space" if he were the last man on earth. Then—I need hardly say what happens. A cross-grained, formidable recluse: a crusading child: an author frankly rooting for her little heroine... yes, it is rather much. But it is humorous and touching; and all the background incidents and domesticities have an authentic note.

"*A Pail of Oysters*," by Vern Sneider (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a depressing, sad, but sympathetic documentary about Formosa. Along the shore—where the "assimilated savages" have oyster-beds—people are always watching out, not for invasion, but for "Save-the-Country" patrols. For these are only less starved than the peasantry, and grab whatever they can lay hands on. One night, it is the turn of Li Liu's family. Their house is almost bare; but it is robbed of everything, including the family god. This, Li Liu is deputed to recover. Landing by mischance in the capital, he falls in with two other strays, Didi and Precious Jade. They were both sold as children, though Wang bought Didi as a "son," whereas he hired the little girl out to a brothel; now they have run away together. And all three find a helper in Ralph Barton, an American journalist seeking the truth about Formosa. But he can't save them in the end, from private vengeance and the Peace Preservation Corps. The novel is pathetic and warm-hearted; and, as you may suppose, full of instruction.

So, in its fashion, is "*The Man Called Lenz*," by George Young (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.). One can't describe this as a crime story, or in the ordinary sense a thriller. Really, it is about *being in* the Palestine Police: about the job of fighting unrestricted terrorists according to Queensberry rules, amid a hostile population, under an hourly threat of butchery—and all for nothing; since the survivors will be thrown out, anyhow. It shows the active side in detail—the round of varied and ferocious incident—and also the effect on those engaged. Which will be no surprise; if they can stick it out, they become savage and obsessed. Not a "nice story," but worth reading.

## CHESS NOTES.

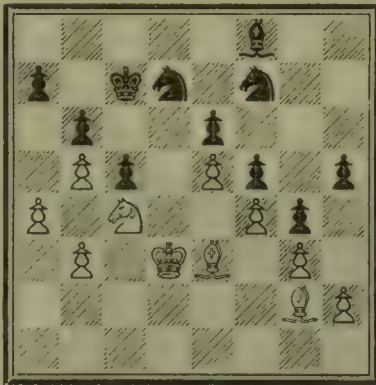
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN an important tournament game is adjourned, in a position full of life, for resumption next day, it is not at all uncommon for each player to analyse it through the night. Reshevsky is reported to have done this at least twice in crucial games in the U.S. Championship.

It is necessary to take the effect on one's health into account. Such a procedure would be suicidal in the early stages of a tournament, as tiredness might cost several points later on—and, after all, the most you can get from one game is only one! In the last round of an important contest, especially if a title were to depend on the game, most players would succumb. Yet Paul Schmidt, when he was engaged in training me for a while, sternly deprecated the least departure from regular bedtimes at any stage of any tournament.

His main argument was this: "However good your analysis, it will only take you on for a few moves and, since at least seventeen moves must be made in the resumption session, you will soon be thrown once again on to your resourcefulness of the moment. As soon as this happens, your alertness again becomes the decisive factor."

All depends on the position, however. Some positions exist which can be analysed exactly for twenty or more moves on each side. I had one a week or so ago. It was in a local event. There was a gap of a fortnight between adjournment and resumption, so that plenty of time could be put in on the job without sacrifice of sleep. Moreover, it was in the final of a competition for a handsome trophy and carrying considerable prestige. The discovery that my last move before an adjournment in an apparently almost innocuous position put me in great danger of defeat acted as a further spur; and I cannot have devoted less than ten hours to the position. Here it is:



Black's (my) last move was 30... P-KR4! White could now have won by 31. B-B6! Mainly because 31... Kt-Kt3; 32. B-K8 loses Black's KRP without compensation.

So it is natural for Black to try 31... Kt-Qr.

Here are two typical sequels, out of dozens which I investigated: 32. B×Kt, K×B; 33. P-R5! and (a) 33... P×P; 34. Kt×P, K-B2; 35. K-B4, K-Kt3; 36. P-Kt4!, followed by 37. Kt-Kt3 and winning the QBP must decide the game;

(b) 33... K-B2; 34. P-Kt4! P×KtP. 35. P×Pch, P×P; 36. B×Pch, KQ-2; 37. B×Kt, K×B; 38. Kt-Q6! B×Kt; 39. P×B, KQ-2; 40. K-B4, K×P; 41. K×P. White's "distant passed pawn" is a winner. One feasible finish: 41... K-B2; 42. K-B5, P-K4; 43. P×P, P-B5; 44. K-Q4, P×P; 45. P×P, P-R5; 46. P×P, P-Kt6; 47. K-K3.

We have analysed for seventeen moves on each side—an entire session in advance.

I cannot help feeling that Reshevsky, analysing with a title at stake, must have produced studies transcending all published ones in depth and beauty. If only there had been somebody to take it all down!

I AM always delighted when I find men holding their own against machines, and traditional arts continuing to flourish in spite of mechanical substitutes for them. The current revival of interest in penmanship is a case in point. Children are writing more beautifully—and more legibly—now than they did when I was a boy and it is quite remarkable to find how universally excellent are the hands, for example, of the present generation of boys from Eton, where Mr. Wilfred Blunt has taught a beautiful Italianate hand with such success; or from Harrow or Ampleforth, where Mr. Maurice Percival and Father Patrick Barry have done the same. One of the fruits of this revival has been the publication of a number of handsome and fascinating books of calligraphic specimens, of which the latest is a facsimile reproduction, made in America, of "*The Universal Penman*," by George Bickham (Vision Press; 63s.).

Bickham was an early eighteenth-century engraver and calligrapher who taught writing himself and engraved the work of other London writing-masters. "*The Universal Penman*" is a collection of specimens of the work of Bickham and some twenty-five other penmen, and its pages, replete with flourishes, "Gothic" headings and neo-classical decorations, is one of the most beautiful things of its kind that I have seen. Beautiful though it is, however, it cannot be recommended as a model for modern handwriting. The "copper plate" style of writing was, as its name implies, essentially suitable for engraving on metal, and the regulated pressures which such writing requires cannot be performed with a pen at any speed. It was, indeed, the influence of such copy-books as Bickham's which, by making copper-plate the most popular form of handwriting during the nineteenth century, contributed to the degeneration of penmanship during that period. The Italianate or Chancery hand, written so beautifully by, for example, Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century, and so rapidly by Lord Cholmondeley to-day, is a far better model for the modern calligrapher to follow.

With this warning, however, I commend "*The Universal Penman*"—not least for the charm of the examples which Bickham and his friends chose to engrave. I could wish that the letters I receive from the headmaster of my son's school were couched in such language as this:—

"Most Noble Lord,

For the Honour you intend me and the Confidence you place in me, by committing to my care so promising and fine a Youth, your Lordship has my most humble thanks...."

The only communication I have recently received from that source is a terse announcement that in future fees are to be increased by a further £8 a term!

Another distinguished publication, as small in format as "*The Universal Penman*" is large, is the Trianon Press edition of Blake's "*Songs of Innocence*." This is a facsimile of one of a group of eight produced by the artist, with charming colour washes, between the years 1790 and 1794. This particular example is thought to have been produced during the earliest part of this period. After various vicissitudes, the original was found in the possession of Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald, of Philadelphia, and thence, as part of his collection, into the Library of Congress. Although in the original some of the thirty-one plates were printed on both sides of the paper, to assist the process of reproduction (in itself a remarkable feat) the plates have been printed on one side only. As I say, it is a remarkable feat, as it is not often that the extreme delicacy of colour washes is so faithfully reproduced. Those who are interested in Blake, both as a poet and an artist, will indeed, as Mr. Geoffrey Keynes says on behalf of his fellow-trustees of the William Blake Trust, be "deeply indebted to Mr. Rosenwald and the authorities of the Library of Congress for allowing the book to be brought to Paris and to be taken to pieces in order to make easier the process of reproduction." Such an elaborate process to produce such a simple-seeming result (*ars est celare artem*) accounts for the inevitable high price of the book (Faber and Faber; 6½ gns.). Blake-lovers will, however, I feel sure, be prepared to pay for the admirable result.

One of the charms of the eighteenth century is, to my mind, the peculiar art-form known as the Conversation Piece. But as Mr. Ralph Edwards points out in his "*Early Conversation Pictures from the Middle Ages to about 1730*" (Country Life; 42s.), by the middle of the eighteenth century the Conversation Piece had already a most respectable ancestry in European art, and, indeed, in the Low Countries, where it originated, it had "long passed the meridian." The Dutch, the French, the Italians, all had made their contributions to Conversation Pieces during the period which extends from the later Middle Ages to the eighteenth century. Mr. Edwards has selected a number of skilfully chosen and well reproduced photographs of Conversation Pieces from the great museums and private collections to prove his point. Indeed, in this country some of the earlier pictures, such as those Tudor Conversation Pieces at Hampton Court or Danckerts' "Charles II. Being Presented With A Pineapple By Rose The Royal Gardener" (incidentally, what an insignificant fruit!)

have the stylised charm of the eighteenth-century pictures. Perhaps the appeal of Conversation Pieces to the dweller in the modern world is best summed up by Mr. Edwards himself when he says: "The artists responsible seem to contemplate the life around them with naïve enjoyment, not seeking to penetrate below the agreeable surface, and uncritical of the system of which they form a part; while their sitters are represented at ease in a world of unthreatened security—or, rather, in one small corner of the actual world, for everything sordid or painful must, of course, be left out."

"*I Threw A Rose Into The Sea*" (Cassell; 12s. 6d.) is the somewhat enigmatic title of a charming book of girlhood reminiscences by Alyse Simpson, who was born in the Swiss Canton of Appenzell, on Lake Constance. Her gentle, domestic and rustic life, and her emotional development as she progressed from feeling "It would be absurd, I could not help thinking, for a girl like me to fall in love, especially with an Englishman," into a convent and out again, and finally to marriage with Mr. Simpson, make a delightful tale full of quiet charm and gentle gaiety.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.





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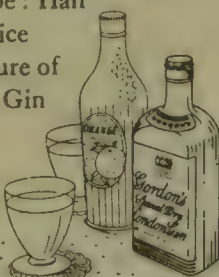


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A Full Brogue  
in brown calf  
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Every whisky has a character, a personality. A personality largely dictated by the ages and choices of the malts. Forty-two Highland distilleries supply whiskies to be blended and become Ballantine's, according to a formula over a hundred years old.

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This care is amply repaid. All over the world men recognize the personality of their favourite Scotch—Ballantine's—the superb Scotch.



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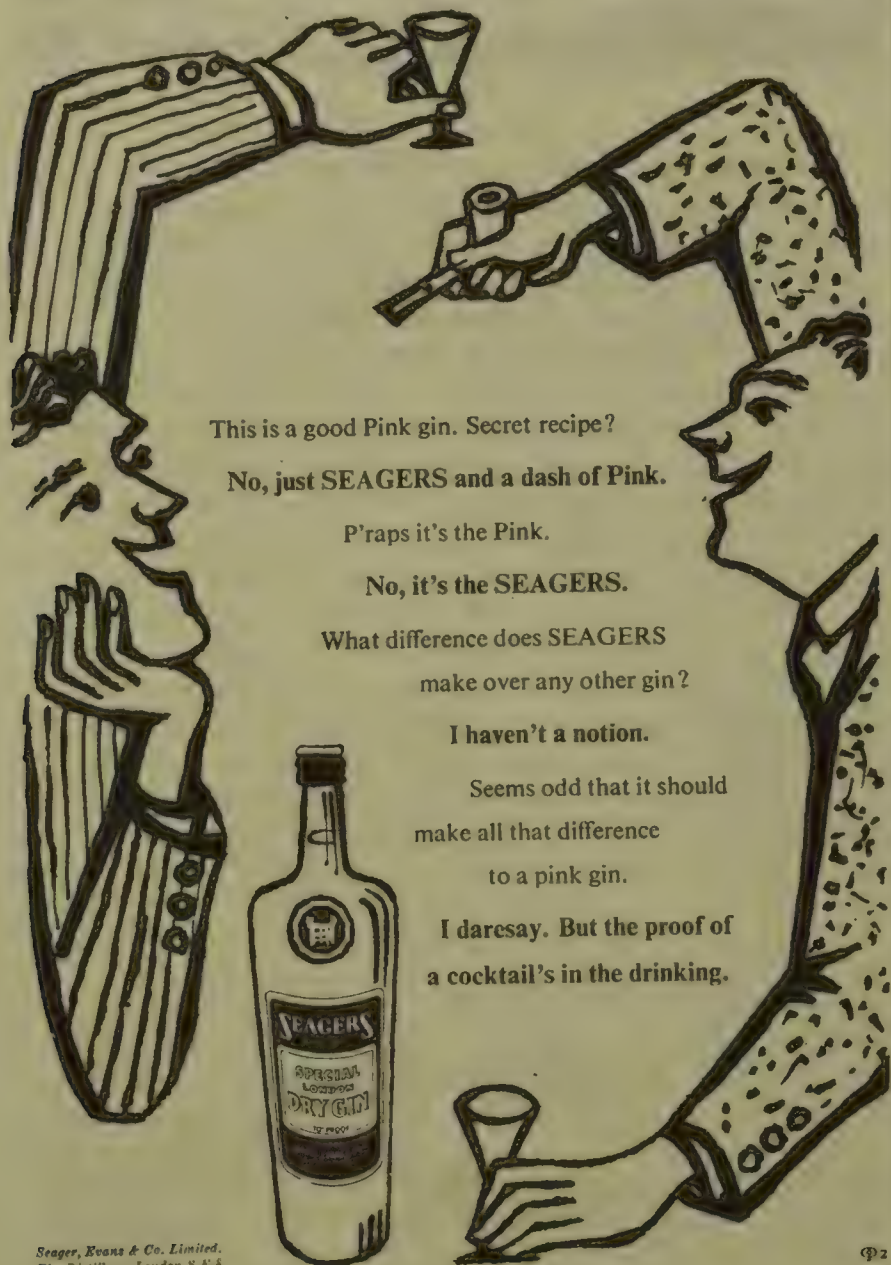
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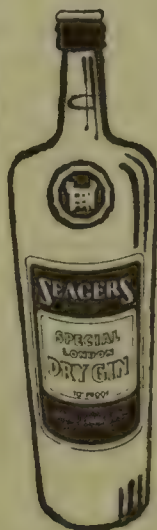
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What difference does **SEAGERS**  
make over any other gin?

I haven't a notion.

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to a pink gin.

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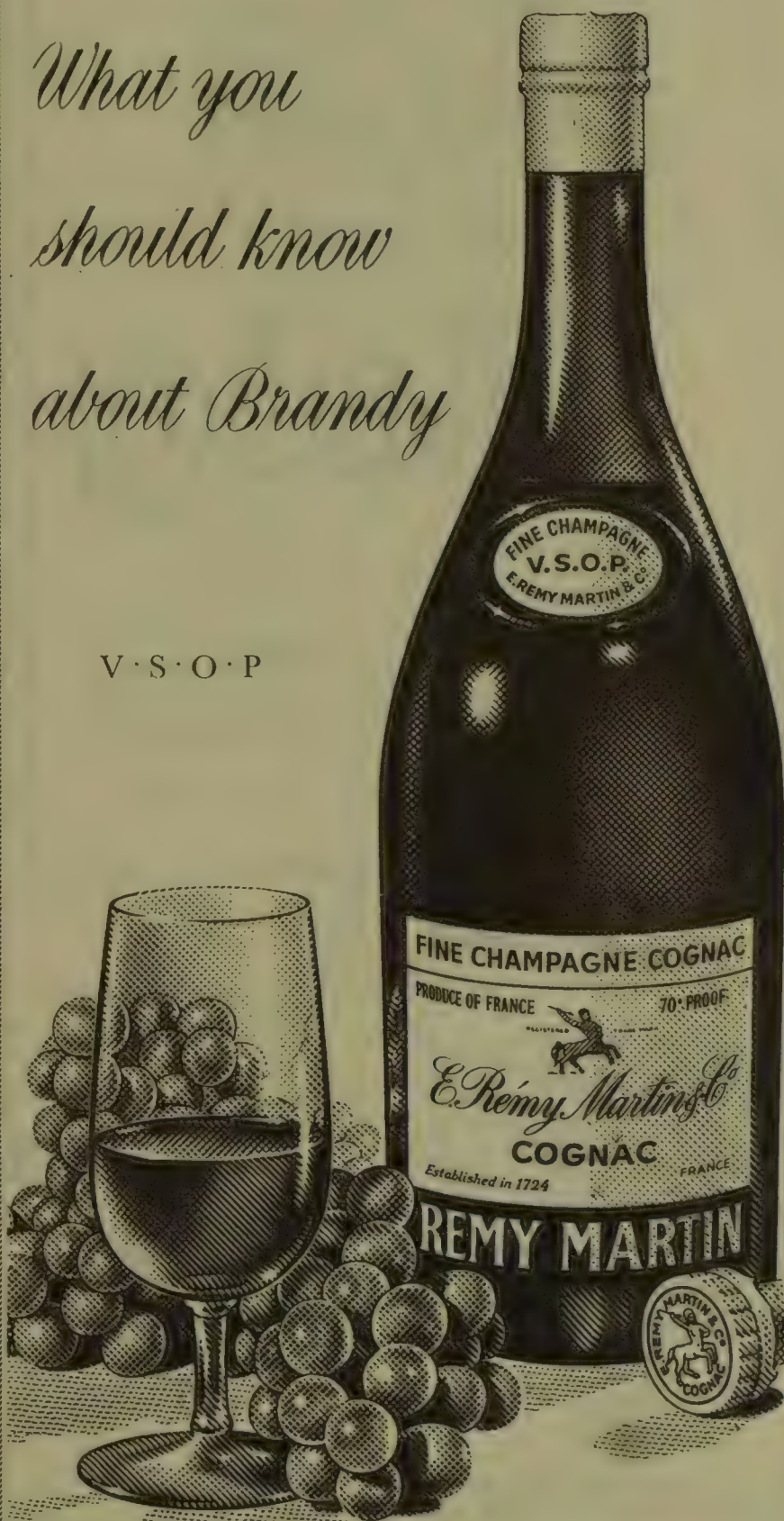
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should know  
about Brandy*

V · S · O · P



V · S · O · P

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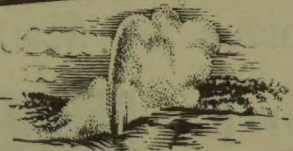
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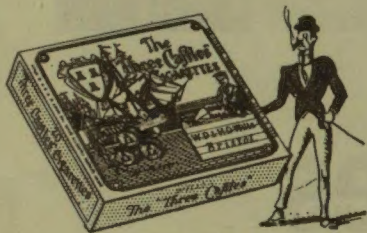


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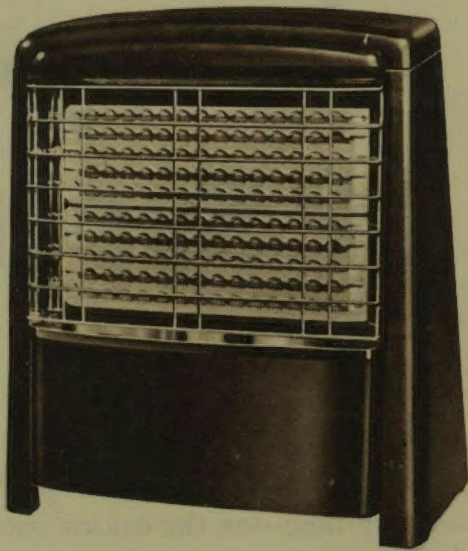
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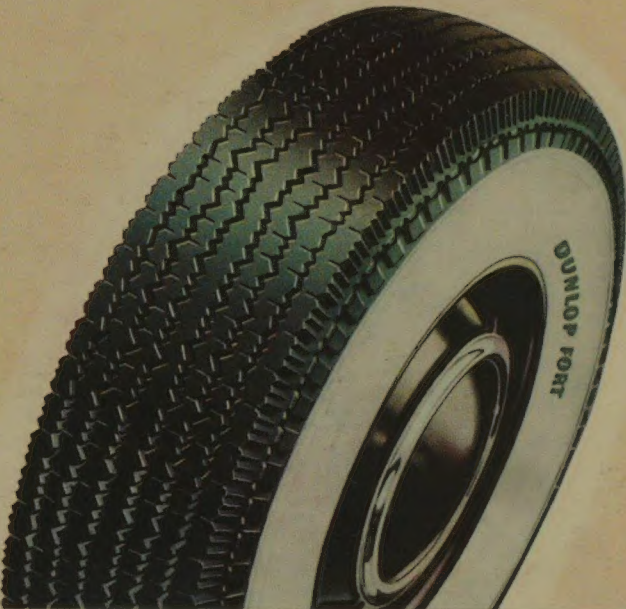
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